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From a Drawing by E.W. Newton, Esq.r

Temple of Theseus

Ped.t of Agrippa

Propylæa.

TEMPLE OF VICTORY

A

SHORT VISIT

TO

THE IONIAN ISLANDS,

ATHENS, AND THE MOREA.

8980

BY

EDWARD GIFFARD, Esq.,

OF PEMB. COLL. OXON.

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The Khan of Vourlia

LONDON:

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J. E. C. Walker Sc.

A SHORT VISIT

TO

THE IONIAN ISLANDS,

ATHENS,

AND

THE MOREA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING been medically advised to pass a couple of months of the last winter in a more southern climate, and particularly recommended to begin by a sea voyage,—the facilities which steam communication now affords of navigating the Mediterranean, and the hope of being able to combine the main object of health with the gratification of an ardent desire to visit the classical scenes of Greece, determined me and Mr Newton—a college friend, and unfortu-

nately a fellow sufferer—to direct our course that way.

Notwithstanding an unparalleled severity of weather which we encountered in the Morea, and the shortness of the period allotted to me, we had the good fortune to succeed in both our objects. We got rid of the disagreeable symptoms which had originally suggested the voyage, and we visited many of the most remarkable and interesting scenes and cities of classical Greece.

Had our departure been less sudden and our destination more certain, we might have compiled (as I should advise any future traveller to do) from the learned works of Clarke, Leake, Dodwell, and Gell, and some recent itineraries, a plan for our journey, so as by economizing both time and expense, to have been enabled to see the greatest number of interesting objects with the least cost and trouble.

We unfortunately were not able to make

any preparation of that sort, and were sometimes obliged to trust ourselves to the guidance of chance, or of local advice given with an eye to the profit of the counsellor rather than ours. On a review, however, of our proceedings, we do not find much to regret; and, as it is possible that other persons may be, from motives of health or pleasure, inclined to make a similar excursion, I have thought,—without pretending to anything like authorship on my own part, or to supersede the necessity of consulting the learned authors I have mentioned,—that a plain narrative of what we were enabled to see during a three months' absence from England, might be of some use to future travellers, and perhaps not unamusing even to others, whose interest in the scenes we visited may render them indulgent to the insufficiency of the describer.

If my pen had any share of the power of my companion's pencil, I might speak

with less diffidence; for nothing can exceed the rapidity, spirit, and accuracy of the sketches which Mr. Newton made during our tour. They bring the scenes back to the memory with all the vividness of reality; and he has added to the pleasure I derived from his company, the advantage of allowing me to have some of them engraved, to illustrate my narrative.

The nature of this little work does not admit of introducing them in adequate size or number, but half a dozen scenes have been selected—not as the most picturesque, but as being either less generally known, or of a particularly characteristic aspect: but these engravings, like my own imperfect descriptions, afford but faint copies of the vivid originals.

CHAPTER II.

COAST OF PORTUGAL, CADIZ, GIBRALTAR, AND A DAY IN SPAIN.

[3RD TO 11TH OF JANUARY.]

ABOUT eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 3rd of January, 1836, we embarked on board H. M. steam-packet *Hermes*, in Carrick Roads, about a mile from Falmouth, whence we were conveyed by boats supplied by the several inns at which the passengers may put up, at what seems the exorbitant charge of half a guinea each person. We sailed about three o'clock, but in general the departure follows the embarkation more nearly; the previous dispatch of two other packets somewhat retarded ours.

We found assembled various passengers bound for the several ports of Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, and the different Grecian Isles at which the steamer was to touch. We ourselves had as yet no determined haven, but intended to be governed by circumstances—entertaining, however, as our first hope and object, if it should be found practicable, a visit to Greece.

The packet was new, comfortable, and spacious, with a cabin some thirty feet long and nine feet six high, which for a ship is colossal. Our fellow prisoners were agreeable and pleasant companions, and our fare was good; in short, there was nothing to complain of, except, for two or three days, the intolerable, and to those who have not felt it, the unimaginable horror of sea-sickness. The penalty which I had paid on a recent voyage to and from the West Indies, stood to my credit on this occasion, and I suffered less than my companions: but our society in general did not recover

its tone till we had crossed *the Bay* (as that of Biscay is distinctively called) and approached the coast of Portugal.

To us, whose only business was *sight-seeing*, it was a great disappointment that the weather was unfavourable for seeing the coast; though passing within a few miles, the clouds concealed not only its beauties, if it had any, but even its outline —one momentary burst of sunshine lighted up the palace of Mafra and the heights of Torres Vedras, but only sufficiently to tantalize us with a transient glance, and all was cloud again.

We stood on deck straining our eyes to discover the features of the land, but, even when the sky cleared a little, we saw nothing but a series of by no means lofty cliffs, surmounted by a kind of table-land. It was not to be expected that in any state of the weather we could have had any distinct view of the scenery, yet I confess we went below rather sulkily when the night

fell, and the receding lights on either side of the entrance of the Tagus told us that we had left Lisbon behind.

Early next morning we passed Cape St. Vincent, the south-western point of Portugal—a bold and rocky promontory, which has given its name to a great naval victory —and to a later engagement, which I think it would have been better taste to have distinguished by some unoccupied title: and at night anchored in Cadiz harbour. We *of course* rose at daylight, and had ample leisure of viewing the sea front of the town before the *sanita* or quarantine officers came off; in vain gun after gun was fired, we found that there was no hurrying a Spaniard out of his usual course, and it was not until we had consumed more than an hour anxiously looking at the shore, that they made their appearance and granted us *pratique*—as release for quarantine is technically called.

Cadiz has been so often described, that

my doing so would be superfluous—luckily —for our stay was so short that my description would be of very little value.

The general aspect of the town is pleasing, the rows of white and regularly built houses appear as if washed by the sea, *like* an English watering-place—the ramparts looking from a little distance almost like a terrace to the houses. We landed at a pier, (on which stand two twisted columns with statues on their summits,) from one of the picturesque lateen-rigged boats, which—presenting a variety of shapes as their sails happen to be higher up or lower down the mast,—were skimming about like large sea birds in every direction.

Four hours only being allowed for the stay of the packet, we lost no time in commencing our promenade. Through the sea gates we entered upon the fruit and vegetable market—even at this season, supplied with what are delicacies with us at midsummer; from this to the Cathedral—

you must specially ask for the *new* Cathedral, or you may share the disappointment of a friend of mine who returned to England, having, as he supposed, seen the Cathedral of Cadiz, whereas he had seen the *old* Cathedral, a building of no beauty, though loaded with a profusion of gilding. The new is a small edifice of the most perfect and expensive materials and workmanship—small for a Cathedral, though large for a church—it is built altogether of marble, chiefly white, but the bases of the pillars, &c., are of various colours; the interior of the dome is peculiarly beautiful. It was begun in 1722, and although considerable progress has been made in the last twenty-five years, it is still unfinished, and I am afraid it will remain so while Spain continues to be what Spain now is.

Having heard that there were two of Murillo's finest pictures in the Capucine convent, we applied for admission, but it not being the *proper day* were refused; *pro-*

per days were fixed, I presume, before steam, had rendered a visit to Cadiz an incident of every-day occurrence. In general the possessors of objects of art are not churlish, and when the good fathers find that the steam-boat passengers cannot command their day, they will probably make a regulation in their favour. After this we set off to walk round the ramparts and take a peep inland from the Seville Gate, whence, however, there is not much to see—the isthmus is little more than a causeway, above three miles in length, and the distant country looks wild and barren. Within the town, the fortifications and barracks are greatly dilapidated, and everything appeared to show a total absence of activity and energy.

Our time had been fully expended in this ramble, and we hurried down to our boat, but owing to a change of wind, were unable to reach the packet without stretching out to sea, where she took us up in passing; if we had been admitted to the

Capucine convent, we might probably have been left behind. In travelling, more even than in the ordinary course of life, it seems that every disappointment has its compensation.

Our intention on leaving England had been to cross from Cadiz to Gibraltar by *land*, and so to have seen a little of the interior of Spain; but those who were acquainted with the country recommended us not to try it, on account both of the late rains, which had rendered the roads and rivers almost impassable, and of the unsettled state of the country, which made it highly probable that we should be captured by bandits and taken up into the mountains for ransom—an accident which, with all our curiosity about Spain, we had no desire to encounter. It does seem strange, and certainly characteristic of the habits and government of Spain, that between two such cities as Cadiz and Gibraltar, the roads should be liable to such inter-

ruptions. We, therefore, perforce contented ourselves with our packet, and in about nine hours reached Gibraltar.

Sunday, 10*th* January. This morning we landed at daylight at the New Mole, and thence trudged through the mire to the town. *The Rock*, as it is appropriately called by the residents, is a lofty promontory, inaccessibly steep on the north and east—the sides facing the Mediterranean and Spain, and connected with the latter by a low sandy isthmus called the Neutral Ground, about 800 or 900 yards across, and very little elevated above the surface of the water: the *town* is situated at the western foot of the rock, on the edge of that part of the Atlantic called the Bay of Gibraltar, or Algesiras; and extends nearly a mile along the shore, the back part rising so steeply, that some of the streets are but flights of steps.

The space between the southern or Europa Point and the town is occupied

by the Almeda, or mall—the public gardens, and several pretty country-houses, which appear enchanting spots, with their white shining walls and green lawns, bordered with tall hedges of geranium. At the extreme point are some barracks, and a guard is always stationed, the officer in command of which has the amusement of making all ships passing within gunshot, hoist their colours, in default of which they are fired on; and in addition to whatever damage they may sustain, have, if Englishmen, to pay, as we were informed, for the powder and shot expended upon them.

At the back or Mediterranean side, near the isthmus, is a small fishing village called Catalan Bay, for which defences are quite unnecessary, the rock on that side being perfectly perpendicular; and if an enemy should seize it, they are as far from Gibraltar as ever, and might be dislodged by heaving the very rocks down upon

them from the summit. Some Spaniards however managed, it is said, to get up, (though it is to me inconceivable how they did it,) during the great siege, in the night, and killed the guard at the flag-staff, but were at daybreak discovered and made prisoners.

After the comfort of a warm bath, which a sojourn of a week on board ship had rendered even more than comfortable, we went to church. The building is rather handsome, in what may be called, I suppose, the Moorish style, which was probably suggested to the architect as appropriate, by the remains of the Moorish castle —the first kernel of Gibraltar, built in 725, by Tarif, the Saracen general, founder of the city, which was called from him *Gibel-Tarif**. This castle was the chief fortifi-

* Such is the etymology given by Colonel Drinkwater, in his sketch of the history of Gibraltar, no doubt from good authority; and certainly the name *Tarifa* on the opposite side of the Strait, gives some countenance to this conjecture. Yet I cannot help

cation down to times comparatively modern. It is supposed that the greater part of it was destroyed when Charles the Fifth modernized the fortifications; little now remains, except one conspicuous tower, not however distinguishable, as far as I could see, by any peculiar architecture.

After church, we wished to see the military excavations and galleries, and for this purpose, sought the town-major's office, where we received a pass, to be countersigned by the colonel of artillery; but he, good man, was at evening service, and we were obliged to defer that visit, and content ourselves with a walk round the fortifications, and to the Neutral Ground. The latter is so low, that if the sea were to rise a few feet, the whole would be under water. The distance between the Spanish lines and the first works of the fortress, is about half a mile; a small village forming the

thinking that the derivation from *Gibel-tor*, the *tower mountain*, seems more natural."

advanced Spanish post—the English being a guard-house and station for a civil officer, to take passes from those who enter from the country, a few of which the officer on guard has the liberty of granting.

The guns from the galleries and chief fortifications command this approach—which a deep ditch and a narrow causeway *undermined,* render, I suppose, impassable to an enemy.

The Mediterranean shore of the Neutral Ground affords the best view of the neighbourhood. The rock from this looks completely insulated, rising 1300 feet perpendicularly, the sea on both sides, with Ape's Hill and the coast of Africa behind; the latter stretching to the right ends in Tarifa point, and still further to the right are the mountains of Spain. In the opposite direction, the view was also beautiful, looking towards Velez Malaga and the snow-capped mountains of Granada, now shining in the evening sun.

As it was near sunset, we hastened within the gates; visited the works fronting the Neutral Ground, which seemed almost *too strong*; thence we followed the line of ramparts along the whole face of the town to the Almeda, which is at the southern end, and is used both as a parade ground and public walk; on one side are the public gardens, and round the whole is a geranium hedge, even at this season in flower, while the trees are also budding and exhibiting every appearance of spring.

This was our first day's work, with which we were additionally pleased, from the variety of nations and extraordinary difference of costumes to be met with in the streets. Gibraltar is a most striking place to an inexperienced traveller. He that leaves the shores of England for the first time, and arrives here direct from Falmouth, might imagine himself arrived at a large fancy ball; for here are the sailor from the Levant, with his tight

jacket and vest, loose blue trousers* and red skull-cap;—the Moors trading from the Barbary coast, some covered up in the huge shaggy sheepskin capote, others displaying in their dress the sacred green of the prophet, and indeed every other colour —all shuffling along in their bright yellow slippers, invariably too large for their feet; —the Spaniards in their dark loose cloaks; —and the inhabitants of Gibraltar themselves—mixed up with the gay and brilliant uniforms of our army and navy—forms a scene nowhere else to be met with.

The next morning (Monday the 11th), having ordered horses to be ready at twelve, we went first to the military excavations in the rock, having now no difficulty in procuring the countersign—these

* Here and throughout my narrative I call this garment *trousers* for *euphony*, though they reach only to the knees, and would be better expressed by a more common appellation.

are prodigious; galleries above galleries hollowed out of the solid rock, and bristling with one hundred and twelve pieces of cannon, (there are altogether above 600 pieces on this face of the fortress.) From the highest we emerged into the open air, and made a toilsome ascent to the flag-staff at the summit, where a serjeant's guard is stationed, and only relieved once a week, on account of the height of the post. The serjeant had, to our great satisfaction, some excellent bread, cheese, and porter; and after a regale on these truly English dainties, which we thought never tasted better than under Squire Western's favourite sign of the *Hercules Pillars*, we descended in the opposite direction, that is, towards Europa Point, for the purpose of visiting St. Michael's cave.

This is a beautiful natural object, but we were unlucky in not having brought blue lights and torches to illuminate the interior, they being quite necessary to

show its extent, and the beauty of the natural pillars supporting the fretted roof. No person has ever explored it to the end, which is I believe impossible, the descent being at last precipitous. General O'Hara is said to have penetrated to a great distance and left a valuable sword, to be the property of any person who might bring it out; but there it still remains, or at least as much of it as the rust may have spared. There is a popular—I wont say *belief*—but at least *story*—that the monkeys which at some seasons appear to vanish from the Rock of Gibraltar, make their way through St. Michael's Cave, and by subterranean and submarine passages to Ape's Hill on the African coast.

From the Cave we made a rapid descent, and finding our horses ready, sallied forth to the *Cork Wood*, the favourite ride of the equestrians of the garrison. The first part of the road is on the sea-shore; it then becomes very bad; at five miles' distance we

passed through St. Roque, a small town, devoid of any object of interest. After this we felt that we were *in Spain ;* the country is wild and imperfectly cultivated, with a bridle path over hill and dale, or by mountain stream, with scarcely a house or human creature to break the solitude and stillness of the scene.

In fording a tributary rivulet of the stream, by the side of which we were journeying, one of our companions suddenly sunk, and in rising, presented—what but for its danger would have been—a ludicrous appearance. In the first plunge, he with his horse had performed a somerset, and they reappeared, the horse struggling on his back, with his master endeavouring to get over him as he was sinking. Fortunately, the young middy,—for he was a son of the sea,—disengaged himself and was soon in safety, while the poor animal was for some time prevented from recovering its natural position, by the

boughs of a willow, under which the stream had carried him.

The *Wood* being only a mile from the spot where this occurred, we pushed on; but an inn of which we had been informed as a place of refreshment was so miserable and dirty, while some Spaniards were quarrelling and drawing their knives on each other at the door, that we only waited to procure a glass of spirits for our drenched companion, and returned as fast as we could that he might change his dress; but it was otherwise ordained, for on re-entering St. Roque, I being the *hindmost* of the party, was disagreeably reminded of a certain choice phrase of our native tongue, by being suddenly seized by a gaunt, wild-looking apparition, armed with a long spear, who, if not his satanic majesty himself, seemed well qualified for his deputy. His fiendship began vociferating most vehemently, but finding his eloquence lost upon my unlearned ears, led me to a

notice posted up in Spanish and English, which opened my eyes to the enormity of my offence. I had ridden, it turned out, across the Almeda or public walk, which the notice expressly forbade, under a penalty of five ducats.

On my demanding to see the alcalde, my captor led me through the town by the bridle-rein, followed by a crowd of boys, shouting after me in no complimentary style.

My companions, who, though equally guilty with myself, had, luckily, not been seen, or at least seized, hastened to find out the local authorities, who could order my release; but in the meanwhile I was led to the door of the common prison, from the windows of which I was saluted with language, rendered sufficiently intelligible by the signs which accompanied it, to convince me that it was not meant for courtesy. "Dismount" was now the order, or rather sign. I refused; the guard

turned out with bayonets fixed, and the application of a little force, or what the lawyers call a *molliter manus imposuit*, compelled me to submit. The gates opened and closed, and for the first time in my life, and I trust for the last, *I was in a prison.* In answer to my remonstrances, they explained to me that the governor was out, but that when he returned I should be liberated on payment of the fine. This being the case, I sat down in the head jailor's room where his family was at dinner, a most hideous set, regaling themselves on viands which offended both my eyes and nose; I thought it best, however, to suppress all signs of disapprobation, and having ordered a bottle of *aqua ardente*, treated my guard, and so far propitiated their friendship, that when at the expiration of three hours I was liberated, they greeted me on departing with a loud '*viva.*'

I found my friends waiting on the outside to receive me. On leaving me, they

had gone in pursuit of the great man, and after some trouble had found him; none of the party, however, knowing Spanish, there was some difficulty and squabbling, but the golden key of half a doubloon effected their object and restored me to freedom.

A midshipman of our party—the same spirited youth who had lately escaped a more serious fate than mine,—however, attributed their success, in a great measure, to his own power of vituperative eloquence, or, in plain English, to a torrent of abusive slang which he poured forth upon the Municipal Chief, who mistaking it, as our friend asserted, for compliment, expressed himself highly flattered; but I must say, that I attribute more efficacy to the semi-doubloon, than even to the amphibious compliments of my young advocate. Such were our rather untoward adventures during a *day in Spain.*

While on shore at Gibraltar, we had

very comfortable quarters at a building called the *Club*, which was, I believe, its original use, though now nothing but an hotel. In addition to this, there is an inn in the same square, called "Griffiths," of which I cannot speak from experience, but the report of others of the passengers who had put up there was favourable.

CHAPTER III.

COAST OF AFRICA. ALTA, AND VOYAGE AMONGST THE IONIAN ISLES.

[12TH TO 21ST JANUARY.]

Tuesday, 12th January. On board at ten o'clock:—a fresh and more variegated congregation of passengers replaced those we had left at Cadiz and Gibraltar; and what a confusion of tongues and nations! The *Hermes* seemed a floating Babel. English, American, Spanish, French, Moors, Turks, and Greeks, all talking together, and each giving directions, various and loud, about his own luggage.

Among our new companions were a noble Spanish lady, the Marchesa de Villa Seca, and her son and daughter, who being of the Carlist party, have been obliged, as we heard, to leave this country to save their lives. The lady's story interested us; she had been tried by the Junta of Cordova on some political charge, the sentence against her was, "*guilty of suspicion* of not being attached to the government of Isabella Segunda:" this sentence was sent to the supreme court at Seville, which annulled it as *nonsense*. A few days after this a notary called on her, and exhibited some kind of decree, announcing that she was banished to Malaga, and enjoining her to quit Cordova *in an hour:* she repeatedly asked by whose orders she was thus banished, but could get no information; the civil governor of Cordova denying that he had given any order of the kind. Within the hour the escorts arrived and

proceeded with her to Malaga, where they left her. She had not been in Malaga more than eight or ten days, when she received information that the Junta of Cordova had again commenced proceedings against her; that her rents were sequestered, and that thirty *Urbanos*, or national guards were on their way to Malaga to bring her back to Cordova to stand another trial.

Under these circumstances—which certainly were not calculated to inspire much confidence in the justice of the tribunal of Cordova, she prudently went with her family on board H.M.S. Jaseur, which happened to be at Malaga, and claimed the protection of the English flag, requesting a passage to Gibraltar. We were assured that—incredible as it may appear—the officer in command of the party of *Urbanos* sent from Cordova, had orders to lodge the lady, her son and daughter, if he could

have caught them, every night in the common prison of the place where they might stop, with a further private instruction to take a favourable opportunity of shooting the whole of the family, servants and all, under the pretence of an attempt at rescue or evasion.

When the *Urbanos* found that their victim had escaped, they made no secret of their orders; and those who saw the officer to whom they had been given, told me that, judging from his appearance, the Junta had picked out a fit instrument for this sanguinary task, and one not likely to be moved to compassion by either youth or beauty, of which the young lady had a fair share, being indeed a very pretty girl of eighteen. The elder lady, however, was, it seemed, not corrected by this lesson, of her political zeal, and was supposed to have drawn the thread of her intrigues after her to Gibraltar, which induced the governor to desire her to leave the fortress,

and she was now on her way to Malta and Palermo, where her daughter has some property.

But, to return from this digression: after skirting the shores of Spain near Malaga, with the fine outline of the Granada mountains in the distance, we on the following morning passed Cape de Gat, and stood over for Algiers. Unluckily for us, there were no dispatches or mails for that place, so that we did not see it, though we passed within six or seven miles. The light-house standing on a point of land, which forms one side of the Bay of Algiers, was visible, but the point itself concealed the town.

We saw mountains tipped with snow in the interior, no doubt the range of Mount Atlas; and as the weather was delightful, and the land in sight, our five days' run to Malta was by no means tedious. Pantellaria, a little island which, it is said, the Americans wish to purchase from the Sici-

lian government, and to make a naval station, we passed on Saturday; and on Sunday (17th January), after running along the island of Gozo—a barren spot, where however some of the inhabitants of Malta resort during the summer months,—and separated from that island by a passage of half a mile—we ran into the Marchamachette, or Quarantine Harbour of Malta, leaving the Valetta Point and light-house on our left.

The fortifications and houses look to a stranger very beautiful in the bright sunshine, which lighted up the white rock to great advantage, while the sea was like a placid lake studded with small white sails. All this brilliancy was agreeable, I say, to a stranger, after a long sea voyage in this cool season; but I can easily understand, that to the inhabitants of Malta the glare may be intolerable in summer, and not agreeable even in winter. Of this, however, or of the interior of the

city of Valetta; we were not permitted to judge for ourselves; for having landed at Gibraltar, we found ourselves in quarantine at Malta; and as the quarantine lasts *two* days, while the stay of the packet was but *one,* we should, if we had determined to land at Malta, have lost our passage by this vessel, and should have been confined there till the next monthly packet; a delay which would have defeated our intention of visiting Greece.

This was not to be thought of:—and we therefore made up our minds to see of Malta no more than the *ex*terior of the city, and the *in*terior of the Lazaretto. The latter we had the curiosity to visit, to see not only how our companions who were to land at Malta and were therefore confined there, fared, but also how we were ourselves to be treated, if on our return from Greece we should be destined to suffer the rigid hospitalities of a Maltese quarantine. A preceding traveller has said that he

spent some of his happiest hours in this Lazaretto; there is no disputing about tastes, but to me it seemed an immense dungeon; the rooms in which our friends were lodged—that is, those who were to stop at Malta, for the others remained on board—consisted of three, opening into one another, and altogether about 150 feet long; high and broad in proportion, with stone floors and vaulted ceilings. If any one could be comfortable in such a place, it must be, I should have thought, under circumstances so peculiar as to render one entirely indifferent to localities. It is, to my mind, little better than the dungeons in which the knights of old confined their Turkish captives, and where the fuel for the steamers is now stored; these last are narrow cells divided by thick walls above twenty feet in height, and lighted by one small aperture above. Our friends were complaining grievously of their imprisonment, but to keep them in order, if

not in good humour, a gibbet stands within sight, on which an Italian was hanged a few years since for breaking his quarantine. One of our naval officers told me, that some ten years ago he might have incurred the Italian's fate, for without knowing the risk, he landed with his captain in Valetta, on the evening before they were to sail for England; they were recognised, but succeeded in getting on board, and in pursuance of orders already received, were at sea before daylight, not seeing or pretending not to see the signals of recall.

From the Quarantine Harbour very little of the town is visible, merely a few tops of houses peeping over the walls, with towers and cupolas interspersed. It is separated by Valetta Point from the Great Harbour, up which we were permitted to make an excursion in a boat, attended by one of the guardians belonging to the Lazaretto establishment, who (distinguished by

the yellow collar of their coats,) seem to form no inconsiderable portion of the population of Malta, at least of that which we saw. Here we had a fine view of the towns Valetta and Malta, in which the Naval Hospital makes a striking figure. We rowed round the various ships of our squadron which was lying here, and into the Dock Yard Creek, on either side of which are the covered slips on which the galleys of the knights were drawn up when in harbour, now used as receptacles for the different stores required by our more complicated maritime system. The scene was busy and enlivening, and made our return to the Yellow Flag—the sign of quarantine—still more irksome.

The weather while we stayed was fine; for us, who had so lately left frost and snow in England, much too warm; though the residents by no means complained of that inconvenience. Winter here had been unusually severe, the severest indeed that has

been experienced for more than thirty years, there having actually been a *fall of snow!* This being once past, we thought that nothing but fine spring weather remained for us, and that if we were to experience any difference in the climate of Greece, it could only be for the better; the sequel will show how grievously we were disappointed.

If we had only considered the matter of *climate*, we certainly could not have spent the remainder of the winter in a better place; and I should think that Malta would be preferable as a wintering-place for invalids to either Nice or Naples, which are liable, I believe, to greater vicissitudes; particularly when it is recollected that by the steam boats, one may be, in four days from Falmouth, in the latitude of Lisbon, and within a fortnight, at Malta; and I can venture to state, from my own experience, that the *sea voyage* has at least as much to do with the im-

provement of a pulmonary invalid, as the mere *climate*.

Monday, 18*th January*. The steamer having completed her coals, we started with a diminished company for the Ionian Islands. The two first days we were out of sight of land* and unvisited by any event; but on the second night we experienced a storm of thunder and lightning of which I could have formed no idea.

I here announce, once for all, that I shall not attempt to describe the storms by which we may have been overtaken in our voyages. They are in general "as like one another as halfpence;" and if the reader is curious about a Mediterranean gale, there is, as Martinus Scriblerus would say, "a very fine one in the first Æneid, ready brewed to his hand;" but I

On our return voyage, when the weather was much clearer, we approached Sicily, and had during the whole day before reaching Malta, a fine view of the outline of Mount Ætna, at the distance of from 60 to 100 miles.

may notice a peculiarity which occurred to us, and which earlier travellers have not had an opportunity of witnessing—the meteoric illumination of the engine-room of the steam vessel, in which the lightning played up and down the piston rods and among the machinery, with terrific vivacity and brilliancy.

On the third morning (*Thursday* 21*st*,) we made the land of Zante; and to the south-east, the distant hills of the Morea; and, rising in dark majesty behind the island, the black mountain of Cephalonia; the summits of all being covered with snow.

"Zante, Zante,
Fior de Levante!"

Such is the boast of its inhabitants, in which I found that those of the mainland agreed; for, on our return, when, from one of the highest points in the Morea we descried this island, our guides immediately pointed it out, singing the above couplet

in its praise; for which, however, we suspected it to be more indebted to *rhyme* than to *reason*: to our eyes at least—approaching on the southern side—it did not at all answer this description, for nothing but bold craggy cliffs, with scarcely a trace of verdure greeted our eyes, where we anticipated a paradise on earth. On the very highest point called Scopo—so named from its situation and former use, for it is the fittest place in the island for a watch station,*—is a convent, the very locality of which seemed a type of the principle which founded such establishments. An abode so desolate and dreary, within sight of the pleasant plains below, could only be chosen by men professing indifference to mere worldly enjoyment.

After rounding a point of land and approaching the shore, we saw Zante, looking somewhat more like the *flower of the*

* From the Greek Σκοπη—a Watch Tower.

Levant; but as we did not land there on our outward voyage, the description of its internal beauties must be postponed to its proper place.

The view from the sea is certainly lovely, but it is a view which we found to be very common—in its outline at least—in all this part of the world; a town lying at the foot of a lofty hill, on which rise the citadel and works of defence. Here we first saw the Greek costume, worn as the common dress of the country, and the tight jacket and loose blue trousers of the sailors, with the handsome dark and mustachioed faces, told us, if such information were wanting, that we were at last in Eastern climes, and among a people at most but semi-European.

The only stop the packet made, was to land and receive the mail; and as the authorities were aware of our approach, this did not occupy many minutes, so that by half-past nine in the morning, we were

again on our course, steaming towards Cape Chiarenza and Patras, on the Morean shores—over the waters, which witnessed the great sea-fight of Lépănto, (as it is now pronounced,) between the Venetian and the Turk in 1571.

We had expected to reach Patras early in the afternoon, but even steam has not totally subdued the *proverbial* perfidy of these seas; for the wind, which had been hitherto fair, now blew a perfect gale down the gulf, and prevented our advancing more than one mile an hour with our greatest power. To add to our discomforts, a night of pitchy darkness ensued, and this being the vessel's first trip, the officers on board were personally unacquainted with these seas, and even with—if they had been visible—the features of the coast, only knowing that there were certain, or I should rather say, *uncertain* shoals on which steamers had run, and that too in the daytime. At last, after beating

about for some hours, about ten o'clock we saw lights—steered for them, and soon made out a large ship at anchor, which proved to be the Greek admiral, round whom we ran, and finding ourselves in Patras Roads, anchored for the night. The passengers and *idlers* (as all but the seamen are emphatically and justly called in His Majesty's ships,) then turned into their beds, which some anxiety about our situation prevented our doing before, although we knew very well that if there were any danger *we* could be of no use.

Friday, 22nd January, 1836. I arose at daylight to have a sight—which was all we were allowed—of the town, and was rewarded by a beautiful Eastern sunrise, with an unclouded sky — the mountain which rises behind Patras standing out in fine relief, while the sun as it rose on the left gave a thousand different tints to the snow on its summit and sides. It was certainly a splendid sunrise.

Here, if we had been aware of all the circumstances of the case, we might have landed, and commenced immediately the tour of the Morea, concluding with Athens, Delphi, and Corfu—just reversing the course we afterwards took; this would have economized a week of our time, and have enabled us to extend our circuit to Marathon and Thebes. But we had neither experience nor advice to guide us, and thought it prudent to defer till our arrival at Corfu (where we were sure to obtain information) the final arrangement of our plans. We therefore resolved to proceed in our packet to her final destination.

Our anchor was soon up, and we stood on to Corfu. Our situation was at this moment very enjoyable; the day was fine —sky clear, and water smooth—we were on a sea and amongst islands and shores celebrated from the earliest dawn of classical poetry. We might have exclaimed in Lady M. W. Montagu's *version* of Addison,

"Warmed with poetic transport, I survey
The immortal islands, and the well-known sea,
For here so oft the Muse her harp has strung,
That not a mountaintop remains unsung."

The scenes of the first *travels*, of which there exists even a mythological record, were before us—we were in the regions of the *Odyssey*—and although it is certainly not easy to reconcile some circumstances of the Homeric narrative with the localities (supposing the learned to have correctly adapted the ancient to the modern names,) yet all such critical scruples gave way before the enthusiasm of our classical feelings.

We soon reached the narrow channel, about four miles wide and sixteen long, which divides Ithaca and Cephalonia: the latter is tolerably cultivated, but not (at least in this view) pretty; but for the other—alas! We, like former travellers, could not help feeling something like vexation at finding the island of Ulysses the most barren spot we ever beheld. For the

whole length of the island, scarce a shrub or blade of grass was to be seen; and one might be tempted to attribute the long absence of Ulysses less to the adverse fates than to his good taste; and when we recollected that he is said to have ploughed in a simulated fit of madness the sea-shore, and sowed it with salt, it seemed to us that it would have been little less insane to have ploughed the best land his island affords, in the hope of receiving a husbandman's return. But in truth we ought not to have felt any disappointment, for Homer himself had prepared us for a very barren prospect. When Menelaus offers his young friend Telemachus a chariot and horses, the latter modestly declines the equipage, for reasons which are in perfect accordance with the present appearance of Ithaca.

Εν δ' Ἰθάκη ὄυτ ἀρ δρόμοι εὐρέες. κ. τ. λ.—
Odys. b. iv. l. 605.

'Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse;

> But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
> The sprightly courser or indulge his speed.
> To sea-surrounded realms, the Gods assign
> Small tract of fertile lawn—the least to mine!"

But even this candid avowal does not do full justice to the barrenness of the *western* side of Ithaca; the other, on which are the harbour and towns, *must* be better, in every respect, or it would be utterly uninhabitable.

On the Cephalonia coast is Cape Viscardo, from which on our firing a gun, started forth a gun-boat of the Ionian States, to exchange mails; and then passing Santa Maura, or Leucadia with the celebrated cliff, called the *Lover's Leap*, from being supposed to afford those who should precipitate themselves from it, a certain cure for even the most violent love. I am not over credulous in the virtues of specifics, but I cannot doubt the complete efficacy of *this remedy*, not only for love but for all other diseases. The most remarkable person recorded as having tried

this experiment, and who has associated her name with the rock, was Sappho—the unfortunate type of female poets—who by taking the leap, got rid of her love and her life together.

I had expected however, to see a much higher and bolder precipice, but this, like Shakspeare's Cliff at Dovor, and all others of this species of promontory, that slopes downward and inland, is rendered in process of time, less and less lofty by the successive falls of the face of the cliff. It is, however, still high and steep enough for suicide, whenever the ladies of Greece may recover such a passionate combination of love and literature, as to be ambitious of imitating Sappho in such an irregular species of death.

This gigantic *headstone*—as I may call it—over the watery grave of poor Sappho, was soon hidden by the shades of evening, and about twelve at night, we cast our anchor in the harbour of Corfu.

CHAPTER IV.

CORFU.

[22ND TO 29TH JANUARY.]

BEAUTIFUL! I exclaimed, when, early next morning, I saw Corfu, and my exclamation was in the superlative—Most beautiful!—when I became better acquainted with it. The roadstead, or rather bay, is completely land-locked; surrounded on three sides by the island, and on the other by the main land, with only narrow exits to the north and south, not visible from the harbour itself.

A little allowance must be made for one who,—though he has happened to have

visited the four quarters of the world, and very lately to have seen the Peak of Teneriffe and the West Indies—had formed his habitual ideas of rural beauty on the banks of the Isis, and of scenic grandeur from the woods of Cliefden; but with this proviso, I will venture to say, that the view which the morning unfolded was delightful. The opposite coast of Albania; the fortifications of the island of Vido; the citadel of Corfu, built on two precipitous rocks running out into the sea; the palace of the Lord High Commissioner; the town itself, and the distant mountains of the island, form a splendid panoramic view.

We landed in the ditch of the citadel, from which a flight of steps lead to the Esplanade or Parade Ground; and this again was another almost fairy scene. Upon its verge stands the Palace, of white Maltese stone, flanked by the two handsome gates of St. Michael and St. George,

each of which *frames*, as it were, within its columns, a lovely picture of the distant snow-capped mountains of Albania glittering in the glorious sunshine.

Opposite is a terrace overhanging the sea; on one side a lofty row of buildings with an arched walk beneath them, and on the other the citadel, made an island by a broad and deep ditch, cut between it and the town. It seemed to give a peculiar effect to this beautiful scenery, that, at the moment, the troops were passing in review, and the bands filling the air with the same military tunes we had so often heard at home.

Our first visit was to the Lord High Commissioner, or as he is here styled in common parlance, the *Lord High*, who received us very civilly, and during our short stay, honoured us with much attention and kindness. We then went in search of a lodging, and after a stroll

through the narrow streets, we took up our quarters at the "*Locanda della bella Venezia.*" This distinctive appellation, if it mean anything, would be no great compliment to the comfort and tidiness of Venice; but this *Locanda*, though a dirty place, is, I believe, the best in the town.

By the time we had settled ourselves in our inn the day was far gone; for I have found—I know not whether it is with pride or humility that I confess it—that English travellers take a much longer time, than those of other countries whom I have happened to fall in with, in arranging little matters appertaining to personal comforts; but it must also be confessed that, in proportion as we live abroad we become less punctilious about certain niceties, which no other people, that I know of, ever seem to regard: we however found time to take a short stroll into the country before sunset. Here we first saw the Albanian costume,

which differs from the Hydriote, worn by the Greek sailors, and already described—in having a white kilt and greaves, or leggings, instead of the loose trousers; the jacket being still more highly ornamented with gold or silver embroidery. This is the dress of the police of these islands, who seem to take a pride in their showy appearance, and appear to be great *dandies*, affording a marked contrast to the half Greek, half Italian race which form the bulk of the population, and are of a very scrubby, and I may say, dirty appearance. These dresses are not only showy but costly; for having mentioned to our servant that we wished to know the price of them, he brought a tailor with some of his goods for our inspection, who asked for a maroon velvet embroidered with gold, very similar to one which adorned the person of a handsome policeman, the sum of 120 dollars, more than 25*l.*, and this ex-

clusive of the shawl for the waist, which often costs a still larger sum.

Saturday, 23rd January. Having learned that the Senate was to be prorogued this morning, we repaired early to the palace (in which is the Legislative Chamber, and indeed all the public offices,) to see the ceremony.

Their constitution, like all modern constitutions, is modelled on that of England; having three Estates—the Lord High Commissioner representing the King, the Senate, and an Elective Legislative Assembly, chosen from the Seven Islands (Επτανησος) forming the Ionian Republic. By the kindness of the Governor we easily obtained seats.

The proceedings were carried on in Italian; the legislators were in a full dress uniform; a blue coat, embroidered at the cuffs and collars, and trousers with a gold lace down the seams, not unlike the official uniforms which were invented under

the French Republic, and which have been lately adopted in, I believe, most of the courts of Europe; a strange anomaly—which abjures the principles of the Revolution and adopts its frivolities. Here, however, I could not but fancy that *if* a uniform were to be prescribed, something more nationally characteristic might have been adopted than the costume of St. James's or the Tuileries. It is fair, however, to add, that the worthy Greeks were, if we might judge by the glances of approbation they cast on themselves, perfectly satisfied with the official costume. Its being *inappropriate* might make it the more *distinctive*.

The *Lord High* made his appearance very punctually at the appointed hour, and was received by all standing. He proceeded immediately to read his speech, which was in Italian; thanking them for having repealed some of the acts of their last session which had a dangerous tendency; and congratulating them on the

adoption of the Romaic, or modern Greek language, which in future is to be used in public assemblies and documents—so as to preclude the necessity of sending the young men to Italy, where they imbibe (it is said) pernicious principles; this seems to me indicative of a design, or least an opinion, that these islands should eventually become a part of the Greek nation—which indeed, if the Greek kingdom prospers, is inevitable. The address was well received, both by the assemblies and the spectators; and the ceremony concluded with a response from the President, and at his suggestion, a loud and startling "*viva*" from the House; which, on the Commissioner's retiring, broke up; and the Members proceeded to their homes, accompanied by a military guard and band, playing "God save the King."

The whole ceremony was over before the clock had struck one, so that we had the afternoon to inspect the fortifications of

Vido, a little island, situated about a mile from the town, and nearly midway between the two points of land which, with it, form the harbour.

The works will be, when completed, very, and indeed as far as we could judge, unnecessarily, strong; for it seemed to us, that the ultimate possession of Corfu must depend, not on fortifications on shore, but on the dominion of the sea; for having no resources except from the opposite coast, a blockading fleet would soon starve it into surrender; however this may be, the works are in themselves well worth seeing, being chiefly excavated out of the rock which forms the island; and their site affords also the best prospect of the town and citadel of Corfu.

This evening we had the honour of meeting at the Palace a party of Greek Senators at a farewell dinner, given by the Governor, preparatory to their departure to their homes in the other islands. It was

perhaps owing to our ignorance of their language and manners, that *we* formed, from these specimens, no very high idea of the Ionian aristocracy. They seemed silent and awkward in the circumstances in which we saw them; but they perhaps formed no better opinion of us. Even those amongst us who could address them in a common tongue, found much difficulty in extracting answers. In short, they seemed out of place; and directly after our rising from table, they made their bows and departed. I cannot imagine any real amalgamation between an English government and an Ionian senate.

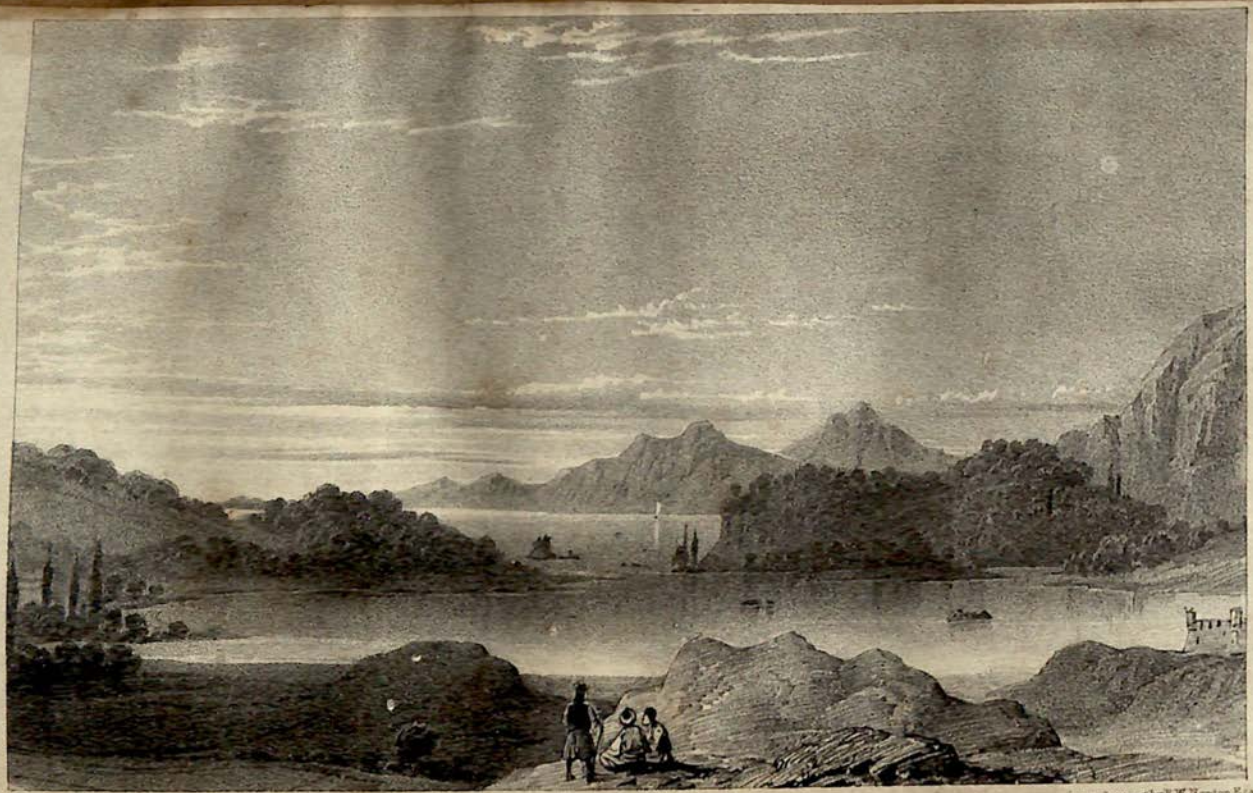
The next day was Sunday—only the third from our leaving England—and we took the opportunity of attending divine service at the Garrison Chapel in the citadel. We afterwards walked to what is called the *One Gun Battery*, from which is a view of *one* of the islands (for there are *two* competitors) which claim to be what is called

the "*Sail of Ulysses*"—I suppose in allusion to the galley of the Phæacians, which on her return from having conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca, was overtaken by the vengeance of Neptune, and *petrified* within sight of the port.

—— ἡ δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν.—κ. τ. λ. Odys. xiii. 161.

"Swift as the swallow sweeps the liquid way
The winged pinnace shot along the sea;—
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock."

The other competitor for this honour is a rock which we afterwards saw on the opposite side of the island:—the question as to which is the genuine evidence of the Neptunian miracle, depends on the *port* from which King Alcinoüs despatched his guest; and I cannot but think that, from its proximity to the main land and its superior shelter, that port is likely to to have been the *present harbour of Corfu*, or at least, on this side of the island:—so that the point whence we now viewed the rock—which might, indeed, be mistaken



Gardens of Alcinous.

Hall of Ulysses

from a drawing by F.W. Newton, Esq.re

for a sail,—was probably the very spot where the subjects of Alcinoüs witnessed the prodigy.

Οἱ δὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα.—Odys. xiii. 165.

"Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!"

The accompanying engraving—from one of Mr. Newton's drawings, made from the road-side, about half a mile from the town and looking southward,—represents that part of the island, which is now pointed out as the site of the gardens of Alcinoüs, with the distant *sail* which

"Swims or seems to swim the main."

But here I must venture to state a still more serious difficulty which has struck us, as to the identity of Corfu itself with the island of Alcinoüs. There is no doubt that Corfu and Corcyra is the same; and all authors that I am acquainted with, concur in identifying the *Scheria* of the

Odyssey with Corcyra, and no doubt the notices, vague as they are, of its relative position to Ithaca, justify the conjecture; but there are two passages in the Homeric narrative, which seem rather inconsistent with it. When Alcinoüs offers to send Ulysses (who has not yet discovered himself as the King of Ithaca) home in one of his galleys, he promises him that, however distant his country may be, his mariners can accomplish the voyage with ease.

—— οἱ δ' ελόωσι γαλην̃ην.—κ. τ. λ. Odys. vii. 319.

I shall give Cowper's translation, as more literal than Pope's.

"They with their oars
Shall brush the placid flood, till they arrive
At home, or whatsoever place thou wouldst,
Though far more distant than Eubœa lies,
Remotest isle from us, by the reports
Of our's who saw it, when they thither bore
Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the deep,
To visit earth-born Tityus—to that isle
They went: they reach'd it and they brought him thence
Back to Phæacia in *one day with ease.*"

Now Eubœa is on the opposite side of the whole Grecian peninsula, and to reach it from Corfu, the Morea must be circumnavigated, a distance certainly of not less than five hundred miles, and nearly as long as the whole voyage in which Ulysses had consumed ten years. It is, therefore, impossible that the rowers of *Corfu* should have gone to Eubœa and returned in *one day*, or in twenty days. The second passage is one which but for the difficulty suggested by the first, would have little importance, but when both are taken together, this seems to corroborate the former. When Minerva leaves Ulysses after having conducted him to the capital of Scheria, her course is thus described:—

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας, ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη. κ. τ. λ.
Odys. vii. 78.

"So Pallas spoke—Goddess cœrulean eyed,
And o'er the untillable and barren deep
Departing, Scheria left—land of delight—
Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next,
She passed," &c. &c.

Now to go from Corfu to Marathon she would have had to pass—not the *deep*, but —a very narrow strait, to the main land, and thence, the whole longitude of the Grecian continent,—in fact, the very longest land journey that could in a straight line be made in Greece, and in this course Athens would be somewhat nearer than Marathon. Whereas, supposing Scheria to be at the same side of the peninsula with Eubœa, and anywhere within a day, or two, or three days' reach, the goddess would have taken her flight *over the deep*, and landing at Marathon, might thence naturally have passed on to Athens. I do not myself pretend to be able to solve this difficulty; which I am not aware that any one has before made; and diffident of my own judgment on such a matter, I caused my doubts to be submitted to an accomplished scholar, well acquainted, not only with Homer, but with all the localities. His reply was, that these

objections were new to him, and afforded an additional proof how inadequate had been the attention hitherto paid to the topography of the Odyssey,—he could only solve the first by supposing *another* Eubœa. —In the second passage he thought that the itinerary of Minerva by Marathon not inexplicable. On this I observe, that I find no countenance in any other passage in Homer for the idea of a second Eubœa*; and that, admitting the mention of the goddess passing the broad sea to Marathon on her way to Athens, would be of no great weight if it stood alone; yet it seems, when coupled with the former passage, to corroborate the difficulty.

Begging pardon for this digression—which may be forgiven by those who take an interest in the geographical ac-

* There was a *mountain* in Argolis, and a *town* in Sicily, called Eubœa; but, even if known by that name in the Homeric age, they are both almost as distant from Corfu as the island Eubœa.

curacy of Homer—we return to the *One Gun Battery*, which is the fashionable drive and walk of the town, and where we found many, both pedestrians and equestrians, enjoying the beauty of the day and of the scenery—little caring whether the '*land of delight*' which they were treading, be the ancient Scheria or not.

On our return we walked into the grounds of the *Lord High's* country house: here we were struck by the size of the olive-trees, one of which measured twenty-five feet in circumference; they have much the appearance of the holm oak, and from the dull colour of their foliage have rather a gloomy effect, which, however, in this climate is relieved by the purity of the atmosphere and brightness of the sunshine. We walked through a wood of these trees, and soon came in sight of the house, situated on a delightful spot of ground, indeed, one of the most delightful I ever saw—in the midst of a grove, on a cliff

overhanging the sea, down the side of which is a tangled walk to the shore, where the white silvery sand is washed by the clear blue wave. The prospect is enchanting; the town, the distant high lands of Corfu, the mountains of Albania, with the sea intervening and filling up the landscape, with a beautiful sloping foreground. As we strolled about we could not but remark the similarity of the scenery to that described by Homer through which Ulysses, a stranger like ourselves, sought the abode of the *Lord High* of his day.

Βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν εἰς ὕλην.—κ. τ. λ. Odys. v. 475.

" At length he took the passage to the wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Waved high, and frown'd upon the stream below," &c.

The exactness of these local portraits, and especially *the Sail of Ulysses*, are, it must be admitted, strongly in favour of the general opinion of the identity of Scheria and Corfu. Indeed, if the common opinion be correct, hereabout might be

the site of the celebrated garden of Alcinoüs, which—although it seems to have been only a fruit and kitchen-garden—Homer describes as being surrounded by natural beauties of the kind we saw before us.

Δήομεν ἀγλαὸν ἄλσος Ἀθήνης.—κ.τ.λ. Odys. vi. 291.

"Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils
A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;
Around the grove, a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air."

We wandered about this lovely spot for several hours; at last the approach of evening compelled us to think of our return, during which we fell in with a party of Greeks, engaged in dancing to the music of their own voices—a monotonous sing-song, while the dance was equally tame and formal, being no more than a step forward, with a

sort of step backwards, all holding hands in a circle. Their dresses however, and the whole scene, were to us new and striking, and we loitered some time longer looking at them, not at all eager to change this animated picture for the dulness and discomfort of our *Locanda*, where we were unable to have any fire even in a brazier, and could only keep out the cold, which we felt rather sharply in the evenings, by putting on our great coats and cloaks.

The remaining objects of curiosity which Corfu afforded, were the Passes of Paleocastrizza,. Pantaleone, and Garouni, and to these we determined to allot three different days, intending when we should have expended the sights of the island, to have taken a *Guardiano*, as the people of the quarantine police are called, and crossed over to the main land, to have a peep at the Turkish dominions,

"With Suli's rock and Parga's shore;"

but in this last plan we were disappointed,

for the wind was obstinately adverse to our crossing. We performed the other three trips in the order I have mentioned.

On Monday the 25th, we started for Paleocastrizza in a barouche, and after passing by a pretty town or village, that —with its modest spire, and a large park-like domain extending close to it, where the squire might be supposed to exercise old-fashioned hospitality — reminded us of Old England, we next came to the *Venetian Harbour*, where we had another of the lovely prospects in which the island abounds, this differing from the others, in being softer and more placid in its features: thence the road strikes directly across the island through a wood of olives, the fruit of which the peasants were gathering up in baskets and taking to the oil-mills. They do not seem able to overcome their dislike of labour, even so far as to induce them to climb the trees to pick the fruit,

but they wait in patience till it drops from ripeness or a gale of wind: they may be practically right, but theoretically it seemed to us that the fruit would be likely to be in the greatest perfection if carefully gathered.

After winding through these dark and sombre woods—with the occasional variety of now and then passing by a precipice,—at other times through rich valleys green already with Indian corn,—we arrived at a pass in the hills, within a mile or two of our destination, whence the view was superb. On one side, rose a naked precipice of red rock, some thousand feet high, with a rude cross at its foot to mark the spot where a soldier had been killed by a falling mass of stone, when employed in road-making: the sea spread out before us was intensely blue, and studded with numerous islets; and on the other side a green hill covered with the arbutus and evergreens of various hues and forms. Through

such scenery we arrived at Paleocastrizza, a distance of sixteen miles from the capital, and over good military roads. Paleocastrizza was, no doubt, as its name imports, an ancient fortress strongly situated on an isolated rock impending over the sea. A convent of the middle ages had replaced the ancient works, and the edifice was now half convent—half barrack, occupied by a few monks and the convalescent invalids of the garrison, sent here to recover their strength.

So much has already been said about scenery, that instead of entering into a description of the beauties which each of our little tours in Corfu developed, it must suffice to say, that—even in the opinion of those who have had opportunities of comparing it with other countries more celebrated for the picturesque—Corfu is one of the loveliest spots in the world, with the greatest variety of scene that can be conceived in so small a space; so here shall be an end

of scene-painting—else the views from the windows of the convent are well worthy the finest touches of either pencil or pen.

Having lunched here, we were anxious to return to the town, as we were invited to a ball at the Count Bulgari's, one of the first of the Ionian nobility, which of course we were desirous of seeing, as a specimen of the native society. We went at the proper hour, and there found, to our surprise and regret, that, although the fête was given by a Greek, very few Greek ladies were to be seen, and still fewer danced. The scene was, however, gay, from the variety of costume, Greek, Albanian, British naval and military uniforms, and plain evening dresses like our own; and the dancing was kept up with spirit by our own countrywomen.

Our drive next morning was to the Pass of Pantaleone, the highest point of the road which crosses the mountain chain that divides the island from east to west.

It is the only road to, and affords a fine view over, the northern division of Corfu and the other islet which claims the merit of being *Ulysses' Sail,* on the vague and improbable supposition that the capital of Alcinous was situated on that side.

The Pass of Garoune, which we visited the day after, commands in a like manner the southern points, and is also very striking; and when these three stations have been visited, the traveller has obtained a pretty general idea of the interior of Corcyra.

One night we went to the Opera, which was obviously open to many criticisms, but seemed on the whole very tolerable for the Ionian Islands.

The carnival had now commenced, but it was too early to see its full festivity, which does not reach its height till the nearer approach of Lent. The Corcyran *masquerades* may well be expected to be grotesque, when their *executions* are so.

A few weeks before our arrival a man had been hanged for murder, and one who was an eye-witness described it as a peculiarly disgusting sight; the executioner was dressed in a party-coloured suit of red and blue, with a mask of the same colours, with one huge Cyclopean eye in the centre, resembling nothing so much as the clown in a Christmas pantomime: thus, to our English ideas at least, mixing up horror with mummery;—but perhaps, after all, the party-coloured executioner may look as awful in the eyes of the Corcyrans, as if he were dressed in sables, and that his mask had two eyes.

CHAPTER V.

PATRAS.—PARNASSUS.—DELPHI.—CORINTH.—COASTING VOYAGE ROUND SALAMIS.

[30TH JANUARY TO 3RD FEBRUARY.]

EIGHT days was the limit allotted by the departure of the packet for our stay at Corfu; and at the end of that time, we were again paddling down through the Ithàca Channel. On the 30*th January*—twenty-seven days from leaving England—we landed in Greece itself, at the town of Patras, in the Morea; and found ourselves amongst a people, whose spoken language, though we were not unacquainted with classical Greek, we could not—owing to the difference of our pronunciation—at all understand. On this subject, I shall make a few observations by-and-by. We

had, however, hired at Corfu a semi-Greek servant, a Zantiote, Demetri by name, with volubility enough for all. He bustled about, and, after some search, led us to the "Hotel of Great Britain," for Patras does boast an hotel. Having gone through the form (which was very slight) of passing the custom-house—obtained our passports, and hired a boat for the morrow,—which for the sum of twelve dollars was to convey us to Corinth, staying one day at Scala de Salona, in order that we might visit Delphi,—we set forth to see Patras and its neighbourhood.

Half way up the mountain, at the foot of which stands the town, is the castle, a post of considerable importance during the late wars. When Germanos, the patriot Archbishop of Patras, first raised the standard of Independence in 1821, the Turks destroyed the lower town and retired to this castle, which after a long siege was taken; it was more recently held by one of the independent Greek chief-

tains, in spite of several corps having been sent against it, from the time of Capo d'Istrias's death, till the present king's arrival, when the Moreote chief quietly surrendered it to the royal authorities. It is now fast falling into decay, and there does not appear to be any intention of keeping a force in it.

Patras—anciently Patræ—is reported by Pausanias to be of high antiquity; but it seems to have fallen into decay and insignificance, till Augustus restored and enlarged it. Pausanias tells us of the magnificence of its edifices. Temples of Ceres — Bacchus Calydonius — Jupiter Olympius—Diana Laphria, and above all, an Odeion, the most ornamented, he says, of all Greece, except that of Herodes Atticus, at Athens. Nothing of all this now appears but the ruin of one temple near the shore, said commonly to be that of Diana; and this is probable enough, for Diana was the "great Goddess" of the Patræans as well as of the Ephesians; but

some circumstances mentioned by Pausanias relative to the contiguity of the Temple of Ceres to a certain fountain—the which fountain, or one at least that answers the description, still exists—make it more probable that these ruins are those of the Temple of Ceres. Pausanias gives an account of an oracle, distinguished by him as "a true one," which was delivered from the bottom of this fountain. We, too, heard on the spot a similar tradition; and as a secret passage has been discovered between the ruins of this temple and this fountain, the mystery of the "true oracle" is cleared up; and a remarkable corroboration is afforded of the truth, both of Pausanias's statement, and of the rational suspicion which has been confirmed by so many late discoveries, that these ancient oracles were worked by means of secret communications—subterranean or intermural. Be all this as it may, this temple is now a Greek church.

In all probability, the town will, under a quiet government, rise to some importance, from its local situation at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth; for already there is an appearance of trade, and substantial houses in regular streets are building on a fixed plan.

We here found that an English gentleman, who had accompanied us in the packet from Corfu, intended—like ourselves—a tour in Greece. We soon made acquaintance, and joined company. Our new companion, Mr. Johnstone of *Alva*, in Stirlingshire, was an experienced traveller, and a most agreeable gentleman; and nothing could have been more fortunate for us than our junction with him.

The main topic of conversation with the Patræans, at this time, was the capture of a band of robbers at Vostizza, (the ancient Ægium, a town on the Moreote side of the Gulf of Lepanto,) who had long been the scourge of the neighbourhood.

These Klephts (the modern Greek term for robbers, and it is hardly thought a term of reproach,) had attacked and entered a house in broad day; but the screams of the females alarming the village, the house was surrounded, and the robbers taken in the trap—after losing one of their own number, and shooting several of their assailants. They were, while we were at Patras, on board the Greek Admiral's ship, waiting a conveyance to Napoli*, where they were to stand their trial.

We had been advised to land at Vostizza and visit the convent of Megaspelia, celebrated for having been the head-quarters of the Archbishop Germanos, and

* Napoli seems still to be the seat of criminal justice; for while this is passing through the press, I learn that the execution of two brothers, of the name of Condrojannis, which was to have taken place there on the 31st January, was postponed, by the assassination of the executioner the night before; and it was expected that they must be shot by the German troops, as some other criminals have recently been.

for having withstood, in the subsequent wars, Ibrahim Pacha with all his forces. The situation is described as being a shelf on the face of a rock, so very precipitous, that when the attacking party rolled stones from the heights above, they descended into the valley beneath without touching the building, which was equally out of the reach of shot from below. We presumed from these circumstances and the name, that the chief portion of the convent is a great cave (μεγα σπηλαιον) in the rock, and that only a portion of it protruded beyond the face of the precipice. As this place, however, is on the south shore of the gulf, while Delphi is on the north, and as we could not, without the risk of much delay, accomplish both visits, we decided without hesitation for the latter.

Sunday, 31*st January*. Our embarkation from Patras was not auspicious; the wind, though fair, blowing a gale, accompanied with heavy rain and a high sea.

At ten o'clock, however, we started; and having passed the narrow entrance, hardly a mile wide, between the castles of the Morea and Nepacto, sometimes called the Dardanelles of Lepanto, we were within the gulf of that name. Our bark was some twenty tons in burden, and about twenty feet in length, with a crew of five hands.

The captain was a fine handsome man, with a perfect Greek face, intelligent and good-tempered; clad in the Hydriote costume—the common dress of all the sailors of these parts; with him were an old and young man,—two merry boys, of about twelve years old, and may I venture to add a cat, whose manners and habits were certainly not very catlike; it had rather more of the social temper and traits of the dog, and had been well disciplined by the boys. At the word of command, (*Gatto morto,*) she would lie down and feign to be dead, nor would the poor animal, though pinched, and pulled, and

beaten, move, until another command set her at liberty. Such was our boat, and such our crew; and such—till sickness overcame us—was our pastime.

But the gale increased; and owing to the rain, the land on either side was obscured, even had we been able to raise our heads; but the sea-nausea overmastered us, nor was it until we found ourselves, at four o'clock, in the snug little harbour of Scala, that we were able to appear on deck.

Half a dozen houses, with a custom-house and inn, constitute the village of Scala de Salona—so called from being the *stairs or landing-place of Salona*—the ancient *Amphissæ*, about ten miles in the interior. The reader must not be led astray by the title—inn; for the hovel to which it is applied, was neither better built, nor furnished, than a cowshed in England. A long hut, of which only one wall was solid, and that was of mud; the

other three sides were darkened, rather than sheltered, by shutters, which stood open by day; but even when closed, prevented the ingress of the winds as little as the roof did that of the rain. The floor was of earth; while a low sort of dresser or bench, like an eastern divan, ran all round, forming the bed-place of the whole party, in number about twenty. This was our *inn;* in which, notwithstanding Falstaff's authority, we found it rather difficult to take our ease. The earthen floor, however, which looked at first sight so uncomfortable, had its advantage, by enabling us to kindle a fire in the centre of the edifice, which soon partially warmed it. We changed our wet clothes, and were already prepared with good appetites for a tolerable supper, of which our servants had prudently made provision at Patras.

Our arrival we now found was a matter of considerable interest in this little out-of-the-way place; and we were soon sur-

rounded by a party of villagers, narrowly watching our proceedings. They examined our books, and noticed the Greek among them with a smile of recognition; and one —the scholar of the party—showed us an antique ring, and asked in return to see mine, which happened to bear the emblem of a sphinx, and the motto ΜΟΝΩ ΟΙΔΙΠΟΔΙ, (*to Œdipus alone*) — he immediately made out the figure, and even the motto, though reversed on the seal, and pointing in an eastern direction, pronounced the word *Theve*,*—the modern sound of Thebes. Having proceeded to question him, through the unclassical channel of our servants, we made out by their interpretation, that he was well acquainted

* These classical recollections are familiar to the Greeks. When the Rev. Mr. Swan, chaplain to the Cambrian Frigate, visited Napoli, and climbed the Palamedean Rock, he happened to carry a tridented eel spear to help his steps; he was afterwards known among the common people by the name of Ποσειδων—*Neptune.*

with the story. Our visitors soon perceived that we were fatigued, and civilly retiring, left us to our slumbers on the benches.

The next morning was very fine, and having ordered our horses the preceding evening, we started for Parnassus at six o'clock, but certainly none of the steeds resembled Pegasus, or, perhaps indeed, the whole story of Pegasus may be an allegory to convey a plain truth, that to get over such roads horses would have need of wings. Our train was very ludicrous to English eyes, and its appearance afforded us some amusement at the expense of each other. The path at first crossed the Crissæan plain, partly cultivated and abounding with the oleander; afterwards through an olive-grove, the trees of which bear a peculiarly fine fruit, distinguished by the name of *Columbades*. From this the ascent begins, and is in some places very difficult, nowhere easy; about half way up we passed Crissa, having a view of

Galaxidi to the south-west, and Salona to the north-west. Just before we arrived at Delphi, we saw several ancient tombs, excavated from the rock, on either side of the path; they are chiefly single, but one we entered had been the last resting-place of three persons. On passing through a rudely arched doorway we found ourselves in a chamber with a sarcophagus on either side, and a third in front; over each was a small niche in the wall for a lamp or figure: the covers were gone, and there was nothing to be seen within, but the stone pillows for the heads of the deceased.

Delphi is situated some five or six miles up the sides of the mountain range, which, about eight or ten miles farther, terminates in the summit of Parnassus; but Delphi, contrary to the received opinion, has little local connexion with Parnassus, properly so called, and is not even in sight of it, as I shall presently show.

The village is now called Castri, a word

of Roman derivation, which we find frequently applied to ruins throughout Greece, and sometimes, strangely enough, in combination with pure Greek adjuncts, as *Paleocastri, the ancient camp.* How the sacred ruins of Delphi came to be peculiarly distinguished by a military name, it is not easy to guess—no doubt the riches of the Temples which naturally tempted plunderers, would suggest that they should be surrounded with some works to protect them from a coup-de-main—but as all towns were probably so defended, it would not account for the *distinctive* appellation in this instance; and I therefore conclude that it was derived from the disposition of the middle ages to see in every ruin the remains of places of defence,—the only kind of works to which they could attach any idea of utility.

At present, however, Castri presents no traces of any fortifications, and except in its massive foundations few remains of that

vast series of temples and other public edifices described by Pausanias.

"The streets of palaces and walks of state"—

are vanished from the face of the earth!

We had neither time, nor mechanical means, for endeavouring to trace the extensive and complicated foundations—the roots, if I may use the expression—of this prostrate city, nor do I pretend to sufficient learning to be able to appropriate correctly to their ancient purposes, even the ruins which were visible.—My reader must needs be satisfied with a hasty and unlearned view, and such an account as we gathered from the chief man of the place, who was himself no great scholar, but volunteered to be our guide, and performed his office with good-humour and some intelligence.

The general aspect of the village proved the accuracy of Pausanias's description of the site of the ancient town: it is built on terraces of masonry, rising above one an-

other in regular gradation, and having all the features of great antiquity; on the right as you enter the village are the foundation walls of an old temple, forming a square of about one hundred yards each way, in the centre of which stands a miserable Greek church, dedicated, I believe, to St. Elias. Advancing from this, we entered the village, and having put up our horses, were guided first to the Amphitheatre, an immense work, whose seats, hollowed out of the rock, are still almost perfect; thence to the *Castalian Spring*, which rises at the foot of what have been so long celebrated as the double peaks of Parnassus; but in fact, as I have said, the summit of Parnassus, properly so called, is some miles off, and not even visible, being concealed by a bare precipitous rock which rises, immediately behind the fountain, one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet in height; up the face of which extends a rugged cleft that at the top sepa-

rates the rock into two sharpish peaks, which though of a height comparatively insignificant, hide, by means of their proximity, the rest of the mountain, and are commonly, but erroneously, called the double head of Parnassus ; for the mountain itself, which we saw from several points, has nothing like a double summit. On the face of the rock are three semicircular-headed niches, which have a formal and unromantic appearance ; on the right, very little above the level of the ground, is a fourth, of larger dimensions, in fact a shallow cave, which is now converted, by the addition of a poor shed * with a lean-to roof, into a small rude chapel, dedicated to St. John,—on the walls of which are inscribed the names of several visitors, and amongst them that of "Byron" with the date, 1809.

The Castalian Spring itself appears in the

* This hovel is not exhibited in Dr. Clarke's drawing, though he mentions its being the Chapel of St. John.

unpoetical shape of a parallelogram, which has been obviously formed for the purpose of a bath, (a very shallow one) in which, as we read, the Pythia performed her ablutions before she ascended the sacred tripod.

We, according to custom, drank of the Castalian stream, but we understand that the benefit of its inspiration depends on the posture in which the specific is taken;—if the votary stoop his lips to the fountain, the effect is one thing; if he scoop up the sacred water in his hand, it is quite an other. I do not recollect which mode is supposed to confer the inspiration, but as I *stooped* to drink, I fear my readers will have discovered that this was not the favourable attitude. I think one of the tragedians, though I have not been able to recover the passage, mentions that Œdipus, when he came to consult the oracle, sat by the fountain under the shade of a plane-tree; and if my recollection of this incident be correct, it is singular that there is, close to

the fountain, the stump of a plane-tree now in the very last stage of decay, and, no doubt, of great antiquity; not, of course, that which the poets described, but a tree may have been propagated here successively on the spot, and cherished for the sake of old traditions.

After lingering some time about this most interesting scene, we followed our cicerone to some tombs about a mile to the eastward of the spring; among others was a beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, with sculptured figures of men and women, horses and griffins, round the sides—the story meant to be told we could not make out; on the cover reclined the figure of a woman in an easy, graceful posture, something in the way of the figures which we see recumbent on tombs in our own churches, but from the *life* of the attitude (though the head was gone), as well as the beauty of the design, infinitely surpassing anything of the kind we had ever seen.

We are not sure that our guide might not have been induced by some view of his own to take us this walk (which, however, was very interesting), for we found that he was the proprietor of the ground, and offered us this sarcophagus for sale, at the rate of, I think, about £400. From this we returned, passing a labyrinth of massy walls and fragments of pillars sufficient, we thought, for a dozen temples, but which our guide said was the site and remains of the great Temple of Apollo; — another mass he called the tomb of *Kronos*.—We, not knowing that Father Time, our ancient enemy, was buried here, or indeed that he was dead, inquired who *Kronos* was; when the guide reminded us that we had forgotten for the moment the ancient name of *Saturn*, by stating that *Kronos* was a king who ate his own children, and was at last deposed by them.

It was interesting to find this tradition of so ancient a fable on the very spot

where the most ancient of poets lays the scene—for, no doubt, the story alluded to by our guide is the same told by Hesiod, in his Theogony.

Τῷ δε σπαργανίσασα μέγαν λίθον. κ. τ. λ.

"When the old God, who once could boast his reign
O'er all the gods and the ethereal plain,
Grew jealous of the infant's future power,
A stone the mother gave him to devour;
Greedy he seized the imaginary child,
And swallowed heedless, by the dress beguiled.
But soon, again, he yielded to the day,
The stone deceitful, and his latest prey.
This, Jove, in memory of the wondrous tale,
Fixed on Parnassus in the sacred vale,
In Pytho the divine—a mark to be,
That future ages may astonished see."

Cooke, 733.

Certainly we were astonished to find this most ancient of fables alive in the traditions of modern Castri.

Having thus imperfectly visited these interesting scenes, and inscribed our names in a book kept by our guide, to gratify the curiosity of future travellers, we departed on our return to Scala, well pleased with

our excursion, which had already overpaid all the *désagrémens* of our expedition. If we had seen no more of Greece, this day at Delphi would have been ample compensation even for sea-sickness, quarantine, and the inn at Scala.

Here however we had no desire to pass a second night, and therefore immediately reimbarked with a fair wind, hoping to reach Corinth by daybreak; but our padrone, or captain, asked permission to stop for *a few minutes* at Galaxide, a little town at the entrance of the bay of Scala, which we, with more good-nature than prudence, granted, and in consequence found ourselves the next morning at daybreak in a dead calm, twelve miles from Corinth, though in sight of it—he had wasted four or five hours, instead of as many minutes, and that too while the wind was favourable, as it did not lull until six o'clock in the morning. We had, however, reason to suspect that

we were wrong in thinking he had wasted his time, for in all probability he made good use of it in smuggling, as his movements were very suspicious, and led us to suppose that he had some such object. He did not enter the harbour, but kept beating on and off; and when his boat took him on shore and brought him back, we observed that the men did not speak, and barely dipped their oars—I am now convinced, with a view to avoid making so much noise as would alarm the custom-house officers. Our anger was not a little excited, and the culprit was aware that he deserved it. The crew were, in consequence, set to hard work, rowing their clumsy bark, and by the aid of oars we reached at 12 o'clock, not Corinth, but Lutrarchi, a little village on the opposite side of the bay. In consequence of the custom-house being at this place, all boats are compelled to go there first; and as it was (as has already been stated) a calm,

there was not much use in proceeding at the snail's pace we had been moving at for the last six hours: we therefore landed, refusing our padrone the *buona-mano*, or gratuity usually given in addition to the sum agreed upon; and we tried to hire horses. Here was a new difficulty—the owners of the beasts offered to us *as* horses, demanded six drachmæ each for their hire to Corinth: this we knew was exorbitant, three being a liberal price; but as they fancied we were at their mercy, not a jot was to be abated. The point in dispute was a trifle, but we determined not to submit to an imposition; and to show them our independence, we hired a boat to land us on the opposite side, from which we walked two miles to Corinth—hot and tired, I admit, but with the consolation of having baffled the Greek extortioners, and having seen a little more of the country; though, sooth to say, that little was not worth the walk, being only sand and furze, with the

same prospect in the distance which we had had from the water.

We left one servant at Lutrarchi to proceed straight to Calamachi, our place of embarkation for Athens, with the baggage, while the other accompanied us. The view of Corinth from a distance is fine, and gives the idea of an extensive city; but on entering, you find that it is like the Dead-sea Apple, specious without, but all rubbish within. Such a mass of ruin and desolation had never presented itself to my fancy before: but during the rest of our journey through the Morea I got accustomed to such scenes. Ruins —ancient and modern, and little else— presented themselves in melancholy abundance and undistinguishable confusion. Climbing over masses of masonry and by ruined walls, we at length arrived in the main streets of Corinth: here there was some little appearance of life and trade, of which the suburbs gave no promise; houses

were building, and shops were opened, in some of which we recognised the handy-works of Birmingham. We asked for the *Khan*, (for that Turkish appellation prevails in Greece,) and on entering it, our host * informed us that he had porter,—ay, genuine London porter!—this was a luxury we dreamed not of, and which our

* Mr. Burgess, a former traveller, (whose itinerary I much regret not having known before we began ours,) describes this man as a '*villainous Cephaloniote.*' He does not state why he bestows this epithet upon him; but the following melancholy and mysterious occurrence is not calculated to improve the reputation of his hotel. The Purser of His Majesty's ship Portland, while the ship was at anchor at Calamachi, started with some brother officers for a walk to Corinth over the isthmus, in the month of August last, 1836. When ascending the Acro-Corinthus, he left his own party, joining another to get on faster. In about an hour he descended, passing his former party, to whom he said, "he had seen enough," and returned to the town, where a Greek gentleman, of whom he inquired for the hotel, conducted him to within fifty yards of it, and there left him. This occurred at nine o'clock in the morning, and since that time nothing has been discovered which can give a clue to the fate of this unfortunate gentleman, though every exertion has been made both by his brother officers, and the authorities, and inhabitants of the town.

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walk made doubly agreeable. I know not whether it be fancy or nationality, but wherever I have been in hot climates, and able to procure a draught of London porter, I have found that it was the most refreshing thing I had ever tasted, with the greatest power of satisfying thirst.—Thus refreshed, we proceeded sight seeing, having sent our servant to engage horses for the ride across the isthmus. A temple situated in the upper part of the town has given rise to much discussion as to the date of its erection, and the deity to which it was dedicated. It has seven remaining columns—monoliths, or of one piece; but, to my unpractised eye, rather stumpy, with the entablature still existing over five: they are of the Doric order, but not of the usual proportions, being, as far as we could ascertain, only twenty-six feet high, and full six in diameter.

A short distance from this is an excavation in the precipice of the citadel, the

GULF OF LEPANTO, FROM CORINTH.

London J. Murray, Albemarle St. 1837.

Acro-Corinthus, which has been probably the tomb of a hero, but is now a cow-house. In the Acro-Corinthus are some remains, but indistinct, and comparatively uninteresting for the want of a *name.* Corinth is not rich in classical recollections. The ascent is very steep, and occupies—short as the distance is—nearly an hour, in which the activity of Mr. Johnstone greatly excelled that of his companions; and the view from it comprehends the most interesting portion of Greece. Athens, Salamis, and Egina to the east; to the south-east, several islands of the Ægean; Cithæron, Helicon, Parnassus, stretching from north to west; with Sicyon on the left side of the gulf; and the mountains of the Morea far beyond Argos and Mycenæ, down to the southward. Such a prospect amply repays the toil of the ascent.

Immediately on our return to the Khan, we mounted our horses, and started for a moonlight ride across the isthmus. The

moon was full, and not even a cloud to cross it; the scene reminded us of Lord Byron's "Alp, the Adrian renegade," and his "promised bride," seated beneath the walls of the city; and though we heard the growling and barking of the wild and ferocious shepherds' dogs, we were glad to think that they were not engaged in so romantic an employment as "peeling the flesh from a Tartar's skull." The paces of our horses were so rough, that two of the party could not endure them, and preferred walking the distance to Calamachi, about nine miles. One complaint was that, what with the height of the saddle in front, and the horse carrying his head well-nigh between his legs, the rider could not possibly see the beast's ears. There was just sufficient light to enable us to discern some beauties, and fancy more. The isthmus I had always supposed to be like that of Gibraltar, a sandy level; and so from Sir W. Gell's views it appears to be in its

narrowest part, where it is six miles across; but by this road and this light, a ravine with a watercourse, along the margin of which we rode for some time, struck us as singularly romantic. To this succeeded the quiet lovely Bay of Cenchreæ glittering in the moonlight, on whose shore stood a village, from which we heard the distant hum of voices, accompanied with the merry laugh, while the glancing lights from the cottages, and some barks at anchor, showed us whence the sounds proceeded. A few dromedaries, which are used in the traffic over the isthmus, crouching on the sands, with their picturesque heads erect in the moonlight, startled us like a vision of the East, and gave an oriental character to the scene.

The ride and walk had sharpened our appetites, and the sight of our servant at the door of one of the huts of Calamachi, informing us that he had prepared supper, was very agreeable. Our repast

was served up in the common room, full of parties drinking and gambling, but on a raised platform, (of which there were four, one at each corner,) supported on posts, from whence we had a good view of the scene below. Having immediately on our arrival hired a boat, we left our dining gallery about eleven o'clock, intending to start at once; but we found, to our dismay, that Greece was become a civilized country; for, on preparing to step into the bark, we were stopped by a soldier, who said that we could not proceed without certain permissory papers. The house at which we might obtain them was pointed out; but the door was locked, and the inmates in bed. In vain we knocked, or rather thundered, the man slept like Polypheme: at last we awaked him; but he refused to rise: our servants abused him roundly; told him we were the bearers of important dispatches; threatened that he should be punished for detaining us—

and I know not what besides; but he was inflexible, and would not move. A council of war was then held, and it was suggested, that if by our noises we prevented his sleeping, he must submit, if it were only to get rid of such troublesome applicants. The plan was politic, and at length successful. After a siege of an hour's duration, the official dignitary got up in great wrath, swearing at us, and saying he did not believe a word about the dispatches. As the fable was the invention of his own countryman, we quieted our consciences by the proverb, "when Greek meets Greek—" and did not much care what he believed or what he did not, so that we got our papers and passports; in which having succeeded, we mollified the poor man's wrath, (he was a good-looking subaltern officer) by the present of a few drachmæ; at the same time giving his assistant a little tea, which he had requested, or rather stipulated for, as the

price of his aid in rousing his superior. We now congratulated ourselves on having saved a day, and went on board, stretching ourselves on the gravel which formed the ballast in the hold of the boat, which we preferred to the cabin—the latter having all the appearance of being the abode of other inhabitants than the human beings for whom it professed to be exclusively intended.

The morn rose, fair and lovely, but, alas! with little wind, and that little against us: we were between Egina (now pronounced Egĭna) and Salamis, with a distant sight of the Acropolis—a noble prospect, which we could not adequately enjoy; for beside the vexation of delay, we were suffering under a dearth of provisions, and the absence of any means of personal comfort—in short, we were in a sorry plight. We tacked and tacked, and lost by every tack. At last the captain put about to go round the isle of Salamis, a detour which

brought us close to Megara, apparently a large town; but after our experience at Corinth, I shall not venture to hazard any surmises about its interior condition. The island of Salamis is here not a quarter of a mile from the main; the communication is kept up by a ferry, where we succeeded in getting some small fishes, which in our need seemed to us delicious.

About sunset we were off Eleusis, and on the waters which had witnessed the destruction of the Persian fleet, in the battle of Salamis. The manœuvre, by which we are told the enemy's fleet was put into confusion and the victory won, is easily understood on the spot, where the impossibility of even twenty ships working is manifest, and the confusion which the light Grecian galleys caused by the rapidity of their attack upon the crowded fleet of the Persians rendered all attempt at restoring order in so narrow a strait perfectly vain. The height on which the

haughty Persian sate was behind us, the setting sun gilding its summit; and had it not been that we were half famished, and greatly disappointed in not reaching Athens a day sooner, we should, no doubt, have exceedingly enjoyed a scene so rich with classic objects and recollections. As it was, they in a great degree compensated for the delay and hunger which we suffered.

It was dark before we entered the Porto Leone, or Peiræus, and too late for landing. The harbour was full of shipping, and among them we cast anchor, and crept below to our gravelly bed, on which we were reluctantly obliged to pass another night.

CHAPTER VI.

PEIRÆUS AND ATHENS.

[4TH AND 5TH FEBRUARY.]

AT daybreak we were up, and ready to land, long before the permission to do so was granted us. In the Peiræus, the descendants of the victors of Salamis could now boast but of two small Athenian vessels of war, while the Flag of England, a country whose very existence was unknown to Themistocles, floated on two splendid specimens of her navy, the *Portland* and *Medea*, one in attendance on each of the Gothic kings who are now the rulers of the destinies of Greece, the King of Bavaria, and his son *Otho*, whose name as *King of*

Greece, sounds in our ears somewhat unclassical—a kind of *political false quantity.* Russia also and France were represented by ships of war; and of merchant vessels of various nations there was a fair sprinkling.

When we landed, the business of the day had commenced, and the pack-horses were arriving from the city with their loads. We might have hired ponies to ride to Athens, but we had a kind of enthusiasm to trace and tread with our own feet the celebrated μακρα τειχη, or *Long Walls;* along the line of which we anticipated many interesting objects. Leaving therefore our servants to follow with the luggage, we walked through the market, thronged with buyers and sellers, on either side of which stores and public buildings of the same character as the stores were built and building. We soon arrived at a part of the road where old foundations were visible, in which we re-

cognised with a lively sensation the *Long Walls*. While the road continued straight, these remains were visible; but it soon took a turn, and we lost sight of them, and were disappointed in not finding any object of classical curiosity, to repay us for a hot and tiresome walk along a bad and uninteresting road. On the right hand of the road, and about a mile and half from the Peiræus, a monument has been erected to the Greeks who fell in an action with the Turks, April, 1827; when a distinguished British naval officer, then serving with the Greeks, too sanguinely supposed that an irregular and ill-armed infantry could withstand the charge of Turkish cavalry, and found out his mistake at the cost of many lives*. Bavarians and Greeks were at work breaking stones by the way side, while others were levelling the road and forming its surface.

* Howe's Greek Revolution, p. 414.

Shortly before entering the city we fell in with an Athenian *cicerone*, (if I may use an Italian term on such an occasion,) who had just returned from Marathon, whither he had accompanied some officers of the English ships. He offered his services to conduct us to an hotel, which we accepted; and he remained attached to us during the whole of our stay.

Our first impression of Athens was a feeling of disappointment, but that gradually vanished; every moment revealed new beauties, and kindled fresh interests, and at last unmixed delight was the prevailing feeling. The reason of all this, though I had not before thought of it, is obvious enough. We entered Athens expecting to see realised imaginations which the classical writers had excited—but found in all that at first presented itself nothing but mongrel modernism; but after the first shock was over, and when we

began to look a little higher and farther, we seemed to recover by degrees the sacred vestiges of antiquity, and Athens appeared in our eyes no more degraded by its present inhabitants and their poor residences, than the proportions of one of its fine columns is, by the moss and lichens which cover it.

I am ashamed to say that the establishing ourselves in our inn was so much our first object, that we passed the Temple of Theseus with a mere glance of admiration, and made our way up the main street to the *Hotel de Munich*, and prepared ourselves, by the personal comforts of washing, dressing, and breakfasting, for enjoying the mental luxuries of this ancient capital (may I call it?) of the intellectual world. As in these degenerate days, the mere animal gratifications have a great effect on our relish for those of a higher order, it may be useful to our successors to state, that the *Munich*

Hotel, to which we had gone at the bidding of our cicerone, is by no means the best — the *Royal Hotel* being by all accounts infinitely preferable, cleaner and better conducted. After breakfasting, we followed our guide to explore the antiquarian curiosities of Athens.

It is now that I feel most sensibly how inadequate I am to the task I have undertaken, not only of describing the objects around me, but even of expressing my own feelings. In other parts of our tour, I have had, and shall have, to relate personal adventures, and to describe scenes not often visited; but here, in the presence of the awful glories of the most illustrious city (excepting only Jerusalem) on earth, and with the recollection that it has been already described by the highest learning, taste, and genius, my pen almost drops from my hand, and I feel inclined to regret that I have ventured on this task. However humble are the pretensions with

From a drawing by F.W. Newton, Esq.re

STOA OF ADRIAN, ATHENS.

The ruins of the Parthenon in the background

which I have introduced myself to my reader, I now feel that I cannot hope to fulfil even them. Having, however, gone so far, I cannot persuade myself to abandon my undertaking: I shall therefore proceed, intreating my reader's indulgence for a feeble and desultory narrative.

The first object of inspection was the Stoa of Adrian, standing in the present market-place, but nearly hidden by surrounding buildings; a ruined church conceals several of the columns, the Corinthian capitals of which appear above the roof; the others are exposed, and each of one block of marble: there are seven of these, with another, which stands out alone, fluted. The pencil of Mr. Newton has given this scene with more truth than even the most practised pen could do, and the figures in the original sketch are lively portraits of the present population of Athens.

We were next shown a figure, a sort of *Merman*, of colossal size, but rude work-

manship, which did not call forth any particular admiration; but of this an abundance was excited, when we returned to, and examined the Temple of Theseus, of the Doric order, and the most perfect temple in Greece. The columns, thirty-four in number, are all standing, and part of the frieze, representing the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, still remains. The interior is now a sort of museum, or place of deposit for whatever antiquities may be discovered in digging the foundations of the new houses.

Of these, vast quantities,—particularly fragments of inscriptions,—have been already collected, both here and in the Acropolis; but their full value cannot be yet ascertained, as the greater portion are so mutilated and broken, as to be at present only capable of affording to the mere antiquary the pleasure of arranging and deciphering them. It seemed, indeed, to us, that it would require the whole of

a learned life to enable one to appreciate this class of Athenian curiosities, to which every day is making innumerable additions. A Greek gentleman of the name of Pittakys, whom we afterwards met, has lately published in *French* a kind of Athenian *guide book*, called " L'Ancienne Athènes," in which he has collected, with —as might be expected in a first attempt— more diligence than discrimination, most of the passages of ancient and modern writers concerning the topography of Athens. It is the first attempt at anything of this kind, and will, there can be no doubt, be much improved in succeeding editions. The most novel and valuable portion of Mr. Pittakys' own labour, is, that he has collected a great number of these newly-discovered inscriptions, many of which are curious, and some exceedingly interesting, as I shall have occasion to show by and by*.

* As these sheets are passing through the press, I am

Among the novelties were a sarcophagus, of which one side is finished with flowers of the most delicate sculpture: a figure of an orator, in alto-relievo, wanting the head, but the attitude and drapery fine; and a pretty monumental group of three figures, in which a lady is represented as taking something from the hands of a female slave, while a tottering baby is supporting itself by holding her knees. The group is easy, graceful, and natural, and the inscription is no less so :—

Ενθαδε την αγαθην και σωφρονα καὶ εκαλυψεν
ΑΡΚΕΣΤΡΑΤΗΝ, ανδρι ποθεινοτατην.

of which this is, I am aware, a very poor translation: "Here the earth has covered Archestrate the virtuous and modest, by her husband most beloved and regretted." There is no expression in the

glad to learn that Mr. Pittakys has been appointed Inspector of Antiquities, and is proceeding on his interesting duties with increased zeal and success.

English language, that I have been able to think of, which adequately represents the Greek word ποθεινότατην. Amidst the thousand fragments here collected, two inscriptions struck us particularly. We had not time in our first visit to decipher more than a few leading words, which excited our curiosity; but, on revisiting the temple with Mr. Pittakys, he gave us a fuller explanation. The one, lately found in the mud of the harbour, is an account of the shipping and stores in the Athenian arsenal at a particular period. The other, found in 1829, in the church of St. Irene, (supposed to be the Peiræan temple of Vesta,) is still more curious; and will probably, when fully deciphered, afford valuable information. It seems to be an account of the building of the Long Walls, under the superintendence of Themistocles. It is carved on two marble slabs, of which the exterior margins are much defaced, but the middle is tolerably perfect, and enough of

the beginning is legible to explain the general subject.

ΕΔΟΞΕΝΤΩΙΔΗΜΩΙ

.....ΤΟΥΤΑΣΤΕΩΝΣΚΑΙΤΟΥΠΕΙΡΑΙΕΩΝΣΚΑΙΤΑΜΑΚΡΑΤΕΙΧΗ
ΚΑΤΑΣΚΕΥ....ΤΩΝΑΘΗΝΑΙΩΝΕΙΣΤΟΝΑΠΑΝΤΑΚΡΟΝΟΝ...

κ. τ. λ.

IT APPEARED TO THE PEOPLE

....OF THE CITY AND OF THE PEIRÆUS AND THE LONG WALLS ERECT.....OF THE ATHENIANS TO ALL TIME AND...

Towards the middle of the first column, distinguished by larger letters, the name of Themistocles is conspicuous with that of the Archon of the year.

ΘΕΜΙΣΤΟΚΛΕΟΥΣΕΚΚΗΔΩΝ..ΚΑΙΑΥΤΟΛΥΚΟΥΑΡΧΟΝΤΟΣ.

THEMISTOCLES SUPERINTENDING.....AND AUTOLYCHUS ARCHON.

Leaving the Temple of Theseus, we ascended to the Pnyx, a spot that gave us greater pleasure than any other that we had yet seen, not excepting even Delphi. The *Bema*, or stand of the orator, with the steps leading up to it, and the seats for the audience, still exist, cut in the living rock. It looked like

an empty theatre; the people and the speaker were wanting; but even they were, to the fancy, supplied, by the recollections of Demosthenes and Aristophanes. From the rostrum where the Philippics were pronounced I looked down on the scene before me, and forgot, even while I saw them, that the plains of Attica were barren, the Ilissus so scanty, as to be even at that season easily stepped across, and the groves of Academus nothing but a few scrubby olive trees. The mind's eye saw the plain teeming with harvests; the *Grove* seemed thronged with the shades of the preceptors of mankind; and the Ilissus flowed brimful of immortality.

It required, however, no mental illusion to admire the marble masses of Parnes and Pentelicus, the flowery hill of Hymettus, the splendid ruins of the Acropolis, and the

"Isles that crown the Ægean deep."[1]

Nor can I describe the sensation, with which

I saw the deserted and rugged road which leads to Marathon, and thought, that along that *very* path had run the hero who exhausted his life-breath in announcing that his country was saved.

From the Pnyx we dragged ourselves away to the Museion, a rocky height, where Themistocles had made a public walk, that the people (as some ancient author, I think, informs us) might from it see their fleet, and be always reminded of its importance: it is now trodden by few, and the wild anemone, which strews the path with its gay colours, and would enliven any other spot, is almost offensive here; it seems the type of fickleness and oblivion.

Near this are excavations, shown as the tomb and prison of Socrates. A kind of traditionary compliment is frequently paid to illustrious men, by attributing scenes of their history to places in which it is very unlikely they should have occurred; but I hate the disturbing of local traditions, they

seem to me something monumental, and I would not, if I could, deprive the Athenians of the only recollection* they seem to have of Socrates. Farther on, in the same direction, is the monument of Philopappus, whom Pausanias calls concisely, the *Syrian*. This Syrian was the son of Epiphanes, and grandson of King Antiochus; and after having been—through the favour of Trajan—a Roman Consul, returned to end his days at Athens, where he erected this monument—with a bas-relief, in honour of that emperor — statues of himself, his father, and grandfather, in niches above, and inscriptions (one of which is still visible) descriptive of the purpose of the building. Two of these niches, and their mutilated statues, remain; the left wing of the edifice, containing the other niche, is destroyed. Judging from

* M. Pittakys mentions one or two fragments of marble, bearing the name of Socrates, but not, I believe, of the celebrated son of Sophroniscus.

Dr. Clarke's plate, it seems that the monument has suffered considerably since his time; and he tells us, that between Stuart's visit and his, it had been greatly impaired. Though a work of Roman times, it is of graceful proportions, and not unworthy its position.

Though we had not time to see, or, to speak more truly, feelings to appreciate any more this day, we made our guide walk with us to the principal remaining objects of curiosity, that knowing their situations and aspects, we might visit them more at leisure on the morrow.

Friday, 5th February. Having procured orders for admittance to the Acropolis, which are to be had at the office of the *Nomarch* of the city, to remain in force a certain number of days, for the sum of two drachmæ, we started early to ascend this celebrated rock. Our way lay at first through a part of the town we had not yet seen. We are told that modern

Athens has undergone great improvements during the last twelve months. What it must have been before, I can form no conception; for even now, except in the three or four chief streets, the passages are mere paths over ruins, not of ancient, but modern date. Athens must have had in the earliest days streets comparatively spacious, since Homer bestows on it the epithet Εὐρυάγυια Ἀθήνη, *wide-streeted Athens;* but it has now no claim to that distinction.

Passing the gate of the Agora, or new market, formed by four fluted Doric pillars supporting a pediment, near which stands Adrian's market tariff, as legible, and almost as perfect as the day it was placed there, we commenced our ascent to the Acropolis. As we wound round this steep acclivity, we looked down into the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, with part of its walls standing, and the seats cut out of the rock of the fort itself.

Having passed three rude military gates, we arrived at the Propylæa, the ancient

architectural entrance into the upper precincts of the Acropolis. This was originally a kind of open colonnade, flanked by two wings of square and solid masonry, of unequal sizes. In that on the left hand, as we approach, was the public picture gallery; on the right wing has been superstructed, in the middle ages, a high tower, of which I shall say more presently. Nearly in front of the north wing there stands a lofty pedestal of white marble, evidently designed for a statue. This, from the inscription, must have been that of Agrippa, who, as well as his fellow-consul Augustus, had equestrian statues erected, or rather *transferred* to them; for Pausanias says that these pedestals bore the equestrian statues of the sons of Xenophon, which it seems the servility of the Athenians appropriated to their Roman masters. Be this, however, as it may, the only remaining pedestal bears Agrippa's name, and is therefore called by it.

The Propylæa itself, in its present state, offers a front of six marble columns of the Doric order, with frieze, entablatures, &c. It is of considerable depth, with a similar portico on the other or inner side, but there is no passage through the outer portico; its intercolumniations were long ago built up by the Turkish engineers, and the new government has not yet* opened the entrance, nor cleared the interior of the building, though no doubt they will soon do so. The development of a work, said to be equal to the Parthenon itself, is anxiously expected.

The present passage into the Acropolis is to the right of the Propylæa, as you ascend, between the Gothic tower I have just mentioned and a little temple of Victory *Apteros*, or *without wings*. The history of this little temple is exceedingly inter-

* A passage, we were told, was opened for King Otho when he visited the Acropolis, but is closed up again.

esting in many points. Pausanias mentions, as at the right of the entrance of the Acropolis, a temple of Victory Apteros, which Wheeler and Spohn also saw, so late as 1681; but it had subsequently totally vanished from the eyes of modern travellers. Dr. Clarke does not even allude to it, and its disappearance had puzzled the critics. Some suspected the text of Pausanias, and the testimony of Wheeler—others imagined the site to have been on the *left* instead of the *right;* in short, it was gone—and the learned began to wonder, that of all the temples of Athens, it should be that of Victory *without wings* that had most unaccountably *flown away;* so complete was its disappearance.

At length, in some works carried on by the present government, to clear the approaches of the Acropolis, and bring them to their proper level, a Turkish battery, which stood in front of the Propylæa and

guarded the approach, was removed, and in doing so fragments of pillars and other ornamental architecture were discovered in great quantities; and, by-and-by, the floor of an ancient temple, which of course was immediately recognised as that mentioned by Pausanias. The new government has had the spirit and good taste to cause the fragments to be collected and re-erected, without deviation from the original foundations; and little appears to be wanting to its perfect restoration; indeed, it would almost seem, that when the battery was made, the building had been taken down with some kind of care. The temple itself consists, or rather will when rebuilt, consist of two porticoes, each of four fluted Ionic columns, connected by a cella of solid masonry. The dimensions are very small, being not above twenty feet long, and not as much in height; but the proportions are so pleasing, and its situation on the little prominent knoll, which it al-

most covers, so striking, that it is, upon the whole, a very beautiful object, and an admirable introduction to the majesty of the Parthenon.

As this is an object at once so ancient and so new, I annex Mr. Newton's drawing of it, as we saw it in progress of reconstruction, with the angle of the Propylæa, and the pedestal of Agrippa on the right; the temple of Theseus in the plain below; and in the distance, the hill of Colonos, the last scene of the long Œdipean tragedy; the groves of Academus, sacred to philosophy; and the Pass of Phyle, memorable for the victory of Thrasybulus over the Thirty Tyrants.

We were much surprised to find this spot assigned by some modern writers (who quote the authority of Pausanias for the fact) as that from which Ægeus precipitated himself on seeing the *black sail* of Theseus.

" Le temple (of Victory Apteros, says Pittakys,) fut

érigé à la memoire d'Egée. C'est de là, selon Pausanias, qu'il se precipita, lorsqu'il apperçût le vaisseau de Thesée revenant avec des voiles noires *."—*L'Ancienne Athènes*, p. 240.

But it does not seem to me that Pausanias' expression warrants this interpre-

* Colonel Leake, I find, has taken the same view as Pittakys, (who probably copied from him,) and renders the passage thus:—

"From *thence* there is a prospect of the sea, and *there Ægeus* threw himself *down*, and perished."—*Topography of Athens*, p. 197.

It seems to me, however, that ταυτῃ means rather '*into which*,' (the *sea*,)—than '*there*,' (at the Acropolis) and I find that Taylor's version concurs with my opinion.

"On the right hand of the Propylæa there is a temple of *Victory without wings;* from hence there is a prospect of the sea; and they report that Ægeus hurling himself into *this sea*, perished."—Taylor's Paus. v. i. p. 61.

We unfortunately were not provided with Colonel Leake's *Topography of Athens*, which is a copious commentary on Pausanias, and by much the ablest and most satisfactory work on ancient topography which I have ever met. On a few points we ventured to differ from him; but some of his conjectures have been singularly illustrated and confirmed by recent discoveries; and the whole work is, if I may presume to give an opinion, a model of judicious criticism and topographical accuracy. We were, however, though we had not his book, much indebted to Colonel Leake, for

tation; what he really says is this:—

"Τῶν δὲ προπυλαίων ἐν δεξιὰ Νίκης ἔστιν ἀπτέρου ναός· ἐντεῦθεν ἡ θάλασσά ἐστι σύνοπτος, καὶ ταύτῃ ῥίψας Αἴγευς ἑαυτὸν, ὡς λέγουσιν, ἐτελευτεύσεν."

Att. 22.

Which, as I understand it, means,

"On the right of the Propylæa is the temple of Victory without wings; *thence* the sea is visible—*into which* Ægeus (as they say,) threw himself and perished."

This appears more in accordance with the generally received story of Ægeus having thrown himself into the sea which bears his name, as well as with the localities. The spot indeed is little fitted for such a suicide, being the least precipitous of the entire rock; and why should the sea be called the Ægean, only because it was *visible* (σύνοπτος) from an *inland* cliff, where Ægeus, if he had thrown himself down, would only have broken his bones? In short, we resolved to adhere to the old

I trace in Pittakys' work several corrections of old errors, and many new lights, which I am satisfied he derived from our learned countryman.

opinion that *Ægeus* was drowned in the *Ægean*.

It is nowhere, that we could recollect, clearly stated, why this Victory was *without wings*. Those who have been (as I venture to think) misled into believing that this was the scene of the suicide of Ægeus, say that the temple was erected in honour of Theseus' victory over the Minotaur, the fame of which had *not flown before him*. Another and rather more probable conjecture is, that it was erected to celebrate the battle of Marathon; but why that should be described as a victory *without wings* is not very clear. It seems a more natural surmise, that it was erected by Pericles to flatter the vanity or encourage the patriotism of the Athenians, by an allegory, which promised that Victory—no longer fickle—would *permanently* guard the entrance of the Acropolis.

Pursuing the road which winds round, as I have already said, between the Pro-

pylæa and the temple of Victory—the modern, and at present the only entrance to the Acropolis—we passed, on our left, the lofty tower before mentioned, raised on the south wing of the Propylæa by some of the Latin princes, who—for a long interval subsequent to the Crusades and before the capture by the Turks in 1456—ruled this region, under the title of Dukes of Athens.

This Gothic, and comparatively modern tower, has lately received an ancient and illustrious denomination. It was pointed out to us, as the *Tower of* (Ὀδυσσεὺς) *Ulysses*—not indeed him of Ithaca, but a modern Greek leader of the late revolution, who assumed this name from having been born in Ithaca, though of Thessalian parents; and who, after a strange variety of exploits, being suspected of practising the wily arts of his namesake and of some treachery to the patriot cause, was confined in this tower, whence he attempted to

escape; but the rope by which he was descending broke, and the unhappy man was dashed to pieces. Such was the *public* version of the story; but there are not wanting some to believe, or at least to whisper, that he was thrown from the summit, as the readiest means of getting rid of a turbulent and troublesome, if not treacherous, rival *.

This tower is in the rude style of the fortifications of Western Europe in the middle ages; and judging from all the

* I find by Mr. Swan's account (*Voyage up the Med.* v. ii. p. 84.) that it was the first and general impression, that the rope was thrown within his reach, and, when he had committed himself to it, cut by the orders of Gourrah, who commanded in the Acropolis, and who had previously been Ulysses' lieutenant. Ulysses had married his sister to Mr. Trelawny; and the scenes which occurred at a cavern, in a precipitous cliff of Mount Parnassus, where Ulysses and his friends and followers dwelt, like eagles in an eyrie, are more romantic than any romance I ever read. They are sketched in Howe's History of the Greek Revolution, p. 251; and in Mr. Swan's Voyage up the Mediterranean, v. ii. p. 172.

views prior to the last year or two, the Franks had surrounded the whole summit of the Acropolis with walls and towers of the same character; so that, but for the pediments of the Parthenon peering above these works, the Acropolis must have looked like an old European fortress. In the progress of the labours, in which the present government is assiduously employed for clearing the Acropolis, all these Frank constructions, as well as those which the Turks superadded, have already, with the exception of this tower, disappeared.

The first persons we met on the Acropolis were parties of Greek labourers excavating and removing the rubbish, in order to bring the summit to its original levels. I say *levels*, for it is clear, both from what we could infer from the present aspect of the ground, as well as from ancient testimony, that the original surface was very unequal; even contiguous edifices not being

on the same level. All the Frank and Turkish ramparts, which formed as it were a parapet to the fortress, having been already removed, the ancient temples now stand conspicuous down to their bases from all quarters, (except on the westward, where the Propylæa intercepts the view) and the workmen, employed in the levelling, wheel their barrows to the very edges of the precipice, and empty their contents into the valley below.

I presume that the manner in which this is done has been duly considered, but it seemed to us that the Theatre of Bacchus, which lies at the south-east foot of the rock, had been already in part overwhelmed by the showers of rubbish, which not only obstruct its remains, but may also bury still deeper fragments which may have fallen from the Acropolis during the alterations it has suffered from the different conquerors. Great care is taken in carefully examining and sifting this rubbish *before* it

is thrown down; and all relics, even the most apparently trifling, are removed to, and deposited in, a mosque which the Turks had erected in the interior of the Parthenon, forming a treasure, very different from that which the Opisthodomos of the ancient temple used to contain*.

* "In the *back* of part of the Temple of Minerva was the public treasury, called, *from its situation*, Ὀπισθόδομος, wherein, besides other public money, 1000 talents were laid in store for any urgent occasion; and if any man expended them on a trivial account, he was to be put to death."—Pott. *Grec. Ant.* i. p. 31.

I must here observe, that I think the very name of this *opisthodomos*—the *back* house, which is admitted to have been at the *western* end of the building—is decisive against Colonel Leake's hypothesis, that Pausanias, by the term *entrance*, meant the *west* end; and by the term ὄπισθε, the *east* end. This is a point of great importance towards the proper understanding of the Elgin marbles: for Pausanias says, that the subject of the sculptures on the pediment over the *entrance* was the *birth of Minerva;* while that of the other pediment, ὄπισθε, was the contest of Minerva and Neptune for Attica. Colonel Leake admits the *front* was to the east, but he thinks that Pausanias loosely called that the entrance which he first met on entering the Acropolis. This mistake modern travellers have fallen into; but how could Pausanias, a scrupulous religionist, mis-

So very properly strict and jealous are the guardians of the works, that if a stranger stoops to pick up a piece of marble, even for cursory examination, he finds all eyes upon him; and I doubt whether he would be allowed to remove even a pebble from the sacred soil. We certainly had no intention to attempt any such spoliation, and on the contrary, felt the greatest pleasure at observing the care with which every fragment is preserved.

There had been, from the earliest ages, a wall or parapet round the edge of the Acropolis, which continued to be called on the north side, the *Pelasgic*, and on the south, the *Cimonian* walls, though repaired, if not rebuilt, by Themistocles, after the Persian invasion; and probably, further improved by Pericles. It is stated by

take the sacred entrance; and how can we doubt, as I have said, that he meant by ὄπισθε, the end where the ὀπισθόδομος was placed?

Pittakys (p. 254), that the remains of the walls of Themistocles still exist, exhibiting the sculptured fragments, triglyphs, and shafts of columns, which Thucydides relates, that in his haste to rebuild the wall, Themistocles employed in the work, and which are thought to be fragments of the old Hecatompedon, destroyed by the Persians. If such fragments still exist, they must be in the exterior face where the wall rises from the rock, and which we could not see, except from below, at too great a distance to distinguish sculpture defaced by ages. It seems unlikely that the Persians should have so totally razed the Hecatompedon, or that Themistocles should have so employed its remains; nor do I think the quotation from Thucydides quite in point; for the passage referred to (lib. i. c. 93) seems to relate to the walls of the *lower town*; and although, no doubt, the same kind of proceeding may be *in-*

ferred as to the walls of the Acropolis, yet Thucydides does not, I think, in the particular passage relied on by Pittakys, refer to *them**.

This, and many other obscure points, will probably be solved when the workmen reach the original levels, which as yet they do not seem to have done.

These excavations may, it is to be hoped, lay bare the foundations or bases of some of those numerous temples and monuments, and perhaps discover even some of the in-

* A similar error seems to have been made when the walls of the Acropolis are described (Pitt. p. 252) as Ἐννεάπυλος, *with nine gates.* This surely must apply to the *lower walls.* I have since found, that Pittakys, in his account of the old wall, has followed Colonel Leake, who mounted the wall with great difficulty, and found the fragments to belong to a work nearly of the dimensions of the Parthenon. I differ from Colonel Leake with great diffidence, but I still think the passage in Thucydides relates to the *lower walls.* Colonel Leake, in his introduction, argues very powerfully against the idea that the Persians had destroyed any considerable buildings.

numerable statues, which we are told existed in former times on a spot—peopled, if I may use the expression, with the gods and heroes of Athenian mythology and history.—We read, that after an extensive spoliation by Nero, *three thousand* statues still remained in the Acropolis. Perhaps the most valuable of all, that of Pericles himself, which we know stood here, may have escaped Nero, and be even yet recovered; or what, if the *Graces*, by the hand of Socrates himself, (who was in early life a sculptor,) which stood in the Acropolis, should be found? This is not much more improbable than some corroborations of ancient narratives and traditions which have already been discovered. For instance:—

Alexander the Great was said to have erected in the Propylæa a statue to Aristotle. This, considering Aristotle's unpopularity at Athens, seemed not probable;

but Mr. Pittakys (p. 247) has found in the rubbish of the Propylæa a marble fragment of a pedestal, with this inscription:

. . . ΣΟΦΙΗΣ ΗΓΗΤΗΡΑ . . . . . ΚΛΕΟΣ . . . . .
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΗ . . . . . ΡΟΣ . . .

That is

. . OF WISDOM LEADER . . . GLORY . .
TO ARISTOTLE . . . . . .

The three last letters of the original inscription,—ΡΟΣ, are probably the termination of the name of *Alexander*. At all events, mutilated as the inscription is, it affords incontrovertible evidence of the accuracy of Pausanias.

Another similar discovery, not quite so interesting, but important as corroborative of Pausanias, is this: he states (Att. xxii. 8) that 'at the entrance of the Acropolis is a statue of Mercury, which they call ΕΡΜΗΣ ΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΙΟΣ — *Hermes Propylæus*, or *Mercury before the gate*.' Mr. Pittakys

(p. 258) found on the very spot designated by Pausanias a fragment inscribed

ΕΡΜΗΙΙΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΙΩΙΗΠΟΛΙΣ; *

clearly denoting, that it was a dedication by

THE CITY, TO HERMÈS PROPYLÆUS.

Another is still more interesting. Pausanias says, that near the Temple of Diana in the Acropolis was a statue of Œnobius, who had moved the decree recalling from exile the historian *Thucydides, the son of Olorus*. The text of Pausanias is here very obscure; M. Pittakys (272) collects from it, that there was *also* a statue of *Thucydides himself* near that of his friend. I see no warrant for this interpretation; but the main fact is clear—that here stood a statue in some way commemorative of the decree for the recall of *Thucydides*.

* To those not in the habit of seeing this kind of inscription, it may be as well to observe, that what we call the *iota subscriptum* is always expressed by an I after the vowel: so that this would be read Ἑρμῇ Προπυλαίῳ ἡ Πόλις.

Now on this same spot has been lately found the fragment of a pedestal inscribed

ΘΟΥΚΥΔΙΔΗΣ ΟΛΟΡΟΥ

THUCYDIDES, THE SON OF OLORUS.

This was probably a fragment of the inscription of the statue either of Œnobius who obtained the recall of Thucydides, or of the historian himself.

These instances, which I hope my readers will agree with me in thinking equally interesting and surprising, must create a very keen anxiety for the continuance of the researches of the Greek government. Nothing before discovered can equal these specimens as to individual identity.

On turning into the Acropolis, the Parthenon rises in all its majesty before us. The finest edifice on the finest site in the world—hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart, left no sense or feeling ungratified. We

looked at it with mingled delight, wonder, and reverence. But I must not venture to indulge in enthusiasm; and it would be superfluous to attempt any description of the building itself, which has been so often drawn, painted, and engraved, that nothing remains to be said upon it by so transient and unlearned a visitor as I was*.

The removal of the modern obstructions has left (as I have already intimated) the prospect from the platform of the Acropolis, over the beautiful panorama of the surrounding country, quite uninterrupted; while on the platform itself, of the crowd of works of various kinds which Pausanias enumerates, nothing now remains within

* Its length and breadth, the height, size, and remaining number of the columns, and all the details of its architecture from professional admeasurements, have been long before the public in the magnificent works of Stuart and Cockerell, and are now to be found in the common books of reference. Some Russian travellers, however, during our visit, were verifying former admeasurements by their own rules and lines, and committing everything to book.

the Propylæa but the Parthenon, and the double or triple (as the learned may ultimately decide) temple, generally called the Erechtheion.

King Otho on his visit to the Acropolis pledged himself to do all in his power to restore it to its pristine state; but without funds it will be impossible—and whence are these to come in the present condition of this impoverished country? Some enthusiasts propose a sort of crusade or general subscription throughout Europe for this purpose, and assuredly no one who ever visited Athens could refuse to subscribe; but I have no great hopes of the success of this speculation, even if there should be found Philhellenists sanguine enough to attempt it. A great sum might, I think, have been collected in Europe, to free Athens from Turkish barbarism, but now I fear that people will be inclined to think that King Otho's dominions ought to provide for their own objects.

It cannot, however, be doubted, that when improved roads, inns, and police shall have facilitated travelling in Greece, the influx of visitors will be found to repay whatever expenses the government may incur in the restoration of the capital. Colbert is said to have thought that the influx of strangers to Paris would more than compensate the prodigalities of Louis XIV.'s *Carousels*. How much more certain would be the advantage derived from such *permanent attractions* as those of Athens!

The restoration of the columns, and what I may call the masonry of the Parthenon, would perhaps not be difficult, as many of the fallen fragments lie as they fell, and others are daily discovered; and men and machinery are all that is required to replace the blocks. But now that the expedient of the Consul Mummius * would

* Mummius having taken Corinth, (U. C. 608) freighted a ship with pictures and statues by the greatest artists, the fruits of his conquest, of which he was so

not be tolerated, how are the works of the hand of Phidias to be replaced? *For such a purpose*, I can have do doubt that the British nation would restore the Elgin Marbles; but imperfect and mutilated as they are, and so small a portion * as, after all, they constitute of the original edifice, they would be far from completing the work; particularly when we recollect that the temple has been battered in two or three sieges; and once at the least, extensively damaged by the explosion of a powder magazine—a use to which the Turks, with

exquisite a judge, that he warned the masters of the transport ships, "that if any of the objects should be lost or injured, they should be obliged to *replace them with new ones*"—si eas perdidissent *novas redituros*.

* Of about 650 feet, the length of the original frieze the British Museum has but 250, and the French only one or two pieces of 3 feet long each. Of the 92 Metopes, the Museum has but 14; 32 were gone before Stuart's visit; but as they were probably displaced by the explosion which overthrew the centre part of the building, some of the fragments may be found in the excavations.

true Mussulman indifference to the arts—were in the habit of putting the Grecian temples.

At the same time, the success which has attended the attempt to re-erect the Temple of Victory encourages a hope that the Parthenon may be in essentials equally restored; and if that be seriously undertaken, all the museums of Europe, which have any scrap of that great work, should now take more pride in giving it back, than could have been felt in the original acquisition.

I have not heard whether application has been made to our Government for the frieze of the east portico of the Temple of Victory, the *whole* of which exists in the British Museum—it having been removed by Lord Elgin from the Turkish wall, into which it had been built, at a time when there existed no expectation that the body of the temple would be recovered from under the battery, and still less that it was

likely ever to rise again in anything like its pristine form: that, however, being now accomplished, surely these four pieces, which would *perfect* one front of the temple, ought to be restored.

Even in its present state, the Parthenon is, undoubtedly, the most majestic building which I ever saw; and I hardly know, whether, if it were completely restored, it might produce so profound an impression as it now does. It would become more beautiful certainly, but perhaps less interesting; for the successive dilapidations of ages, which its present aspect exhibits, excite a feeling of reverential enthusiasm, which the restored work might fail to produce.

The only other edifice now existing within the Acropolis, is, as I have just said, the building commonly called the Erechtheion. This has hitherto been generally supposed to include *three* temples; that of Erechtheus on the north, of Minerva Polias

on the east, and of the nymph Pandrosos on the south. But some modern critics seem to believe, that there was no temple of Erechtheus, and that those of Minerva Polias, and of Pandrosos, were designated by the common appellation of Erechtheion; and some later authorities have even considered the Temple of Pandrosos to have been nothing but an interior division of the temple Polias, and not, as has been generally supposed, the beautiful Caryatid porch which forms the south portico of the edifice.

I can hardly venture to form a judgment on such questions, but a few observations suggested themselves to me on hearing this hypothesis. In the first place, an edifice dedicated to Erechtheus must have existed here from the earliest times—many hundred years antecedent to the present building,—for Homer (Odyss. vii. 78) represents Minerva as visiting Athens, where she entered Ἐρεχθῆος πυκινὸν δόμον—

which Pope renders the "*sacred dome*"—Cowper the "*fair abode*"—and Clarke the "*bene munitam domum*" of Erechtheus. This certainly proves that in the earlier days the edifice bore the name of Erechtheus, and that only. Cowper's expression, "*fair abode*," sounds as if he supposed Erechtheus to have been still an inhabitant householder at Athens, but as that hero flourished some hundreds of years before the Trojan war, he could only be said to have abided there *in his temple*, as the patron demigod of the city.

The story of the nymph Pandrosos is one of the earliest apologues against female curiosity; and has, moreover, some analogy to many modern stories, which my respect for the *virgin* goddess forbids me to do more than to hint at*. Minerva had *hidden*, it seems, the young Erichthonius

* "The legend of the birth of Erichthonius," says a French writer, 'was evidently invented to save the character of Athena."—*Biog. Mythol.*

(the same person as Erechtheus) in a *chest* or *basket*, which she gave to the custody of the three daughters of Cecrops, Aglauros, Herse, and Pandrosos, with strict injunctions not to examine its contents; the two elder sisters disobeyed, and were punished by being stricken with madness, under the influence of which they precipitated themselves from the part of the rock where the Erechtheion stands; and the place of this fall became a consecrated precinct, called, from the name of the elder sister, Aglaureion. The discreet Pandrosos was rewarded by having a temple dedicated to her honour, under the immediate protection of the goddess; there was, therefore, an obvious connexion between Minerva, Erechtheus, and Pandrosos, which naturally combined their names and their worship in this building, or rather in a building on this site, confessedly the oldest in the city—the very cradle of Athens. Pausanias, whose accuracy seems con-

firmed by every recent discovery, treats of the three temples as quite *distinct* in their appropriation, though in situation adjoining, and says that sacrifices were made to Erechtheus. I cannot therefore see how we can fairly deprive Erechtheus of his temple on the site of that "*ancient and elegant house*," older by some hundred years than the Trojan war. It seems to me also that we cannot suppose that Pausanias would speak of the temple of Pandrosos as a distinct object, though contiguous (συνεχὴς) to the temple of Minerva Polias, if it had only been an interior continuation of the latter, hidden from sight.

Stuart and Visconti imagined the south porch to be the temple of Pandrosos, and it must be admitted that the Coræ or virgin Caryatids would be an appropriate ornament to the temple of the virgin nymph; and the Caryatids have some resemblance to the Canephoræ, or basket-bearers—the representatives or proxies—

of Pandrosos in the mysterious rites of Minerva and Erechtheus; but as this porch has no external entrance *, and still exhibits two internal doors, with steps leading to the different parts of the interior buildings, there is something to be said in favour of the more recent opinion, that it was a mere adjunct of communication. But I can hardly believe, according to another hypothesis, that under it, or indeed any other covered roof, the sacred olive could have grown. I know that the tree was called Pancyphus, because it was crooked, and that this curvature is said to have been produced by its growing to the roof of the building that inclosed it,—the probability of this I must leave to horticulturists to decide,—but that it did not grow in the

* Athenian enthusiasts will, no doubt, be shocked at my presuming to state that we have a tolerable imitation of the Pandroseion attached to the church of St. Pancras, in the New Road in London, the situation of which relative to that church is similar to that of the original and the body of the temple of Minerva Polias.

part of the temple *dedicated to Pandrosos*, seems very clear from the way in which Pausanias, first, mentions it as growing in the temple of Minerva Polias, and afterwards, proceeds to describe that of Pandrosos.

If I might venture to offer a suggestion amidst all these different opinions, it would be that that all the three porticoes with their connecting walls were built *round the ancient house of* Erechtheus, as has happened in other places, such as Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Mecca, where a spot or building of peculiar sanctity has been surrounded with richer edifices ; (which would account also for the irregular form of the Erechtheion ;) and that this interior and hidden part, peculiarly dedicated to this mysterious demi-god, may have been *hypæthral* or open at the top (as the central part of the Parthenon was), and in that open space the sacred olive might flourish. In this hypothesis the north porch would be

the temple of Pandrosos, most appropriately overlooking the spot where her offending sisters perished, and the Caryatid porch would then be a communication between the part of the *ancient house of Erechtheus*, where the salt-well existed, and the interior terrace, on which grew the sacred olive.

It seems to me, that this conjecture is plausible, and it certainly appears to be the most consistent with the localities, as we saw them; but I offer it with great deference, and indeed, should hardly venture to do so at all, but that writers of good authority have *each* supported a *portion* of the hypothesis, which I have only combined*. Whatever may have been the precise appropriation of its parts,

* I find that Colonel Leake takes nearly this view of the question; and he, with great probability, argues that the Caryatid porch was only a stair to facilitate the communication between the temples of Minerva and Pandrosos, which were not on the same level.

the Erechtheion as a whole, is, even in the presence of the Parthenon, beautiful, though it has suffered severely; and what is most vexatious, the greatest mischief seems to have been done of late.

Of the six columns of the northern portico, only three are standing, two having been destroyed with the greater part of the roof, so lately as the siege of 1827. Gourrah, the Greek commander of the garrison, —who had been a lieutenant of Ulysses, and who was suspected of having had a hand in his murder — had placed his wife and family in this part of the building, and had taken the precaution of heaping earth over the roof to prevent the bombs falling through; but his care was worse than vain, for one column of the north-east angle having been battered down and the others shaken by the enemy's fire, all that side of the edifice fell, (the weight of the earth contributing to the

disaster) and buried in its ruins the whole unhappy family. Gourrah himself was killed by a rifle ball, and with him expired the resistance of the garrison.

Of the temple of Minerva Polias, the south wall is gone; but of the portico, only one column is lost, which Lord Elgin conveyed away, as he also did one of the Caryatids of the southern portico, and both are now in the British Museum. His Lordship's intentions were no doubt praiseworthy, and it must be presumed that he only removed what he thought was threatened with early annihilation by the barbarity of the Turks, who confessed to him that they had pounded innumerable fragments of the marble of the Parthenon to make lime; but it is to be regretted that he should have moved the column of the Poliad portico, and above all, the Caryatis; for this beautiful porch was previously (as I understand) intact, and the removal

of that one has led to the loss of two others, and the general dilapidation of the edifice*.

There was a fanciful story current amongst the common people on the abstraction of this Caryatis, that when she was carried off by the *Barbarians*, her five sisters were heard in the night weeping and bewailing her loss. Some of Lord Elgin's most strenuous, and most successful apologists† admitted, twenty years ago, that they wished that the Caryatis were even then restored to her disconsolate family; and I think I have heard that a copy of the statue was sent out to supply its place. But however this may be, no such substitution has yet taken place; and whether the first abstraction

* Colonel Leake says, "That the siege by the Venetians, in 1687, was the cause of the dilapidation which the edifices of the Acropolis have since suffered, and indeed has rendered the transportation of the fallen fragments out of Turkey their best preservative from total demolition."—Top. of Ath. Intro. xcii.

† See Quarterly Review, vol. xiv. p. 527.

was justifiable or not, I am sure no doubt can exist, that if the Greek government should proceed in its present undertaking of restoring the Acropolis, the Elgin Caryatis should not only be returned, but that the loss of the two others (if otherwise irretrievable) should be compensated by two copies made at the expense of us English, whose original abduction was probably the cause of the destruction of the others.

Ancient history affords at least two honourable examples of such a restitution. Antiochus sent back to Athens, as Pausanias tells us, the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, which Xerxes had carried off from the spoils of the city: and the Romans, by a decree of the Senate, restored to the Ambracians objects of art plundered by the Consul Fulvius from their temples—

"The Ambracians complained of many grievances, but above all, that the temples of the whole city had been

despoiled of their ornaments—the images of the gods—nay, the gods themselves overturned from their seats, &c. A decree of the Senate was passed, that all their property should be restored to the Ambracians."—*Livy*, b. xxxviii. c. 43, 44.

We spent many hours, and could with pleasure have spent as many days, amidst these delightful objects; but alas, we found that the flattering oracle which had been pronounced to us at Delphi was not 'a true one,' and that old *Kronos*, instead of being dead and buried, was in full flight.

We were therefore obliged to drag ourselves away from this enchantment. When the works, now so judiciously undertaken, shall be completed, a single week at Athens will amply repay the whole trouble of the voyage, which is, however, really now very little. We might, if we had proceeded from Patras in the first instance, have visited Delphi and Corinth, and been in Athens within three weeks after our departure from Falmouth.

From the Acropolis, we again visited

the Museion, which affords a prospect of the surrounding objects of which we never could be weary. It was from this height that the Turks bombarded the fortress in the last siege. Indeed, it must have been from this range of hills, which extends from the Museion on the south, to the Areiopagus on the west, that the main attacks on the Acropolis have been, in all ages, directed; for it fronts the only side on which the rock can be ascended.

We walked across the valley called of old *Limnæ*, or the *Marshes*, to the *Theatre of Bacchus*, which lies—almost obliterated—under the south-eastern angle of the Acropolis. We could not help regretting that there should be so little distinguishable of the scene on which the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were originally performed; and where the Athenians were in the habit of conferring their highest public

honours on their generals and patriots. Demosthenes was, at least thrice, honoured by the vote of his countrymen with a golden crown, presented to him in this theatre, when the performance of new tragedies had collected the fullest assemblies. Even the actors here seem to have been considerable political persons. Three of them, Aristodemus, Neoptolemus, and Æschines, are recorded as being successively the most powerful advocates of Philip, and the most formidable opponents of Demosthenes. Probably their habits of declamation before great audiences gave them facilities in addressing the assemblies of the people. Whatever was the cause, certain it is, that in the highest times of Grecian eloquence, these actors were leading orators and statesmen. Demosthenes, indeed, makes it a topic of personal reproach against Æschines, that he had been a player; and in the oration *on the Peace*, we find an indignant and sarcastic allusion

to the *Theatre of Bacchus*, and the political tragedian Neoptolemus:

Εἰ γὰρ ἐν Διονύσου τραγωδοῦς ἐθεᾶσθε—κ. τ. λ.

"If you had been spectators of a tragedy in the *Theatre of Bacchus*, instead of being assembled to discuss the interests and safety of the State, you could not have heard *him* with more favour, nor *me* with less."

Above the theatre, on the slope of the rock, stand two choragic pillars of unequal heights, over a cave in the side of the fortress, which also bears the name of Bacchus, but is supposed to be the sepulchral crypt of one of the first settlers in Athens.

Thence we proceeded eastward to the *Gate of Adrian*, the inscriptions on which, though perfectly legible, have given much trouble to the learned world, and afford a remarkable instance how the misunderstanding of a single letter may occasion the most contradictory interpretations of a whole sentence. The inscription on the side next the Acropolis, is

ΑΙΔΕΙΣΑΘΗΝΑΙΘΗΣΕΩΣΗΠΡΙΝΠΟΛΙΣ

THIS IS ATHENS, THE ANCIENT CITY OF THESEUS.

On the opposite side, towards the Olympeion, Stadium, &c.,

ΑΙΔΕΙΣΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥΚΑΙΟΥΧΙΘΗΣΕΩΣΠΟΛΙΣ.

THIS IS THE CITY OF ADRIAN, NOT OF THESEUS.

This seems clear enough, but the inscriptions having no division of their letters, the first six in each—ΑΙΔΕΙΣ,— may be either read ΑΙ Δ' ΕΙΣ', *this is;* or Α' ΙΔΕΙΣ, or *what you see is.* The latter certainly seems the more natural reading; but, unfortunately, one who reads the inscription must turn his back on the place to which it was clearly meant to refer; so that when he reads, "WHAT YOU SEE *is Athens, the ancient city of Theseus,*" he would have before his eyes the works of *Adrian;* and when he reads, "WHAT YOU SEE *is the city of Adrian—not of Theseus,*" he would look towards the *Acropolis.* This ambiguity

induced some learned writers, who looked rather to the words than to facts, to transpose the two cities, and to waste a deal of learning in endeavouring to reconcile these new positions with the ancient authorities. Whatever may be the precise construction of ΑΙΔΕΙΣ, it is as clear as the sun, that the names of *Theseus* and *Adrian* were respectively on that side of the gate which fronted their respective cities.

This arch is close to the Olympeion, or Temple of Jupiter Olympius, which having been begun by Pisistratus, was not finished for 600 years, when Adrian is said to have completed it, while building to the east of the old town, and near the Ilyssus, his new Athens, of which there are few remains, save these stupendous ruins. The columns are the most lofty in Athens, or I suppose in the world, as parts of an edifice,—being 60 feet in height;—but of these, on the immense platform of the temple, a few only remain—

sufficient, indeed, to give an ample idea of its immense original size. and beauty, and exciting the deeper regret at its demolition, or I should almost say, its disappearance; for here there is no superincumbent soil, above the platform of the temple, to admit hopes of the future discovery of the vast proportion of this enormous edifice, which has vanished.

It appears that there were originally no less than 120 of these gigantic columns, of which 16 now only remain: what can have become of the rest? though not *monoliths*, still the stones which composed them are of such magnitude, that it is wonderful how they could have disappeared. I sometimes have almost ventured to doubt whether it could be true that Adrian had actually *completed* this prodigious work, and whether flatterers may not have represented as *executed*, that which was only *ordered*. Such things

have happened in our own times with regard to a modern emperor.

Between the Olympeion and the Ilyssus is the fountain *Callirrhoe*, the water of which was formerly distributed through nine channels, or pipes (Ἐννεάκρουνος): there is now hardly an appearance of water, and the Ilyssus itself has a gravelly bed, almost as dry as ours in the boat. I could not help thinking of Addison's lines, which apply much more strongly here, than even to the places which prompted them:

"Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalised in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie;
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still."

We walked along the "*fields*" which "*cool Ilyssus*" does not "*lave*," till the piers of a ruined bridge, which had once crossed it, attracted our attention. It had been a single arch, in span about 70 feet

showing that the stream, though now easily stepped over, must have been at one time much more considerable, unless the size of the bridge was calculated with regard, not so much to the volume of water it was to cross, as to the dignity of its situation; for it is exactly in front of, and must have been the chief avenue from the city to the *Stadium*, one of the most magnificent in the ancient world.

The arena was in length about 800 feet, and in width 140 at the lower end, and 180 at the upper; just enough to allow the chariots a sweep to turn. It was rebuilt and adorned by Herodes Atticus with such splendour that the seats were covered with Pentelic marble; but now all that remains is a large grassy hollow preserving the original shape, with the subterranean passages, for the introduction, I suppose, of the wild beasts, with which the Romans disgraced their popular entertainments.

Returning towards the town, we passed over the intended site of the new palace, which is to be on a gentle eminence to the north-east of the present town, of which the first stone is to be laid to-morrow. The ceremony is to be a grand one, and we have, through the kindness of captain Sir Edmund Lyons, our minister at the court, received tickets for it, as well as invitations for the royal ball which is to be given in the evening.

On our way home, (I am sorry to prostitute the word *home* to the Munich hotel,) we visited what is commonly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, but properly the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, a small but elegant little structure, till lately more than half hidden within the walls of a convent, but now again revealed—though not to full admiration—by the destruction of the modern buildings. The level of the ground is, in this part, a few feet above its original surface,

thereby still detracting something from the beauty of the building *.

I regret to state that the beautiful bas-reliefs which ran round the frieze of this building, and of which casts, fortunately taken by Lord Elgin, are preserved in the British Museum, have been within a very few years wantonly destroyed; and I am still more sorry to say, that this inconceivable mischief is attributed to the attempts of certain English visitors to detach some of the more prominent figures. The object seems so impracticable, as well as so disgraceful, that I would willingly believe that the accusation is unfounded; but the *fact* is but too certain — this beautiful monument has been barbarously defaced.

The removal of the aggregation of rubbish from over the original soil of the lower town will, no doubt, reveal immense treasures of antiquity, in addition to those

* The cupola of St. Philip's church in Regent Street is an imitation of this monument.

which have been already collected in the temple of Theseus and in the Acropolis.

From the tranquil excitement of these noble objects we returned reluctantly to the noise and confusion of our Bavarian table-d'hôte.

CHAPTER VII.

ATHENS.—NEW PALACE.—AREIOPAGUS.—BALL.

[6TH FEBRUARY.]

LONG before daybreak we were roused from our slumbers, which, from the exercise of the day, were generally tolerably sound, by bands of music parading the streets, and peals of artillery. At nine o'clock the king passed along the street in front of our hotel, which was lined with troops, on his way to the church, where service was to be performed preparatorily to the great ceremony of laying the foundation of the new palace.

This the tickets had announced would commence at ten o clock, A.M., and accordingly by that hour we presented ourselves

on the platform raised for the more favoured spectators, and were immediately admitted within a place railed off from the rest of the scaffolding. The kingly personages of Greece and Bavaria were punctual, and their coming was announced by fresh thunders of artillery, while a squadron of lancers galloped down to clear the ground. First in the procession came the venerable bishop of Attica, in full canonicals, of which, however, the mitre formed no part, attended by a numerous body of clergy, and they were followed by the king's personal attendants and aides-de-camp, among whom were many of the heroes of modern Greece. The two kings next advanced, and were received with cheering, of which the *hurras* of the English spectators formed by far the loudest and most energetic part. They returned the greeting with bows, and the ceremony commenced with the chanting of a hymn by the priests in a low monotonous

tone: a chapter of the New Testament was then read, and followed by other devotional exercises; during the whole of which the assembly stood uncovered; and as it was under a burning sun, we were not sorry when the service was over, and the king of Greece made a signal for us to resume our hats. Now there was a—no doubt simulated—discussion between the Royal and other principal personages, as to who should lay the stone: at last the Greek monarch led his father forward with a little gentle violence, and putting the trowel in his hand, proclaimed *him* to be the founder of the palace; an honour justly due to him, not merely on the score of seniority,—if it be true, as we were informed, that he had given his son 100,000 florins towards its construction. Various speeches having been made by the Greek officials—to us, I am sorry to confess, unintelligible—the kings retired amidst fresh volleys, and the ceremony was over.

On their retiring, the Greek mob rushed in an enthusiastic manner to view the spot where the stone was placed, but were rudely repulsed by the swords of the military, and we heard them muttering, as they retreated, Βαρβαροι, taking care to mark the *r*, which in their pronunciation is only wanted to make the *Bavarians*, *barbarians*. This struck us as a relic of the haughty spirit of their ancestors, and as no good omen for the *Barbarian dynasty*.

After the show, we resumed, and completed our inspection of antiquities. First was the Temple of the Winds, or Tower of Andronicus, the only remarkable edifice we had not yet seen: on the frieze are figures representing eight winds, perfect except the faces, which the Turks invariably mutilated from religious feelings. The building itself also is in excellent preservation, with the dial marks distinctly visible on its four southern sides. In the interior was a water-clock to show

the hour when the sun did not shine upon the dials. It was fed by a stream of water brought by subterranean channels, from a spring on the north side of the works, somewhere near the Temple of Pan. This was called *Clepsydra*, or the hidden water; and thence all water-clocks have their names, even when not supplied by a secret stream *. From this we again went to the Temple of Theseus, accompanied by Mr. Pittakys, the Greek author, to whose work on the antiquities of Athens I have so frequently referred. He was very obliging and communicative, which made us regret that we had not met him earlier. Among other matters, he gave us an account of the opening of a sarcophagus, which he had lately superintended, when the two kings were present: the only thing, however, which presented itself on

* I find this has been doubted, and that *Clepsydra* is supposed to be a more ancient term than the water-clock of Andronicus; but may there not have been an earlier one in this place?

removing the lid (some expecting treasure, or at least valuable ornaments), was a mouldering female figure, which crumbled into dust on exposure to the air. In this gentleman's instructive company we also visited the celebrated Areiopagus or *Hill of Mars:* the steep steps still exist by which the judges and accused ascended, and which must have been very difficult for old men even in the day-time, and much more so at night, when they were in the habit of trying important causes. It seems no great proof of Athenian justice and honour, that they should be reduced to such a clumsy expedient as *obscurity* to prevent *partiality* *.

* Here also is a slope down which the Greek dames in the family-way slide on their backs, for the purpose of insuring, as the doctors call it, a good time. I could not learn whether this was an ancient as well as a modern superstition. In an English criminal court, the ladies would hear the auspicious words, "*God send you a good deliverance*," but I know not that any similar omen could have been extracted from the forms of the Areiopagus.

And here, with a higher interest than any of our classical visits had excited, we recollected that this was the *Hill of Mars*, whence the great Christian orator and apostle of the Gentiles had addressed an Athenian auditory, and seizing with admirable readiness the neighbourhood of these magnificent temples of idolatry and of the altar

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD,"

he "*declared unto them* HIM *whom they ignorantly worshipped, the* LORD *of Heaven and Earth, who dwelleth not in temples made by hands, and whose Godhead was not like gold, or silver, or stone graven by art or man's device.*" (Acts xvii. 22, &c.) To feel the full force and beauty of these allusions we must recollect that, below, around, and above the spot whence the apostle spoke, there stood innumerable idols, and above all, the celebrated Minerva of Phidias—on which the highest "*arts and devices of man*," and the most costly mate-

rials had been lavishly expended. As a mere specimen of *appropriate oratory* it is not surpassed by the celebrated appeal of Demosthenes to "Προπυλαῖα ταῦτα—ὁ Παρθενῶν—στοαὶ—Νεώσοικοι"—"*those Propylæa—Parthenon—Porticoes—and Harbours,*" pronounced from the neighbouring but lower eminence of the Pnyx.

We now by the last rays of the sun took a general parting view and farewell of these interesting scenes, for on the morrow we were to leave Athens: the day was to be devoted to the harbours, and in the evening we were to sail for Epidaurus, whence we intended to commence our circuit of the Morea.

At nine in the evening the gaieties of the palace commenced. The principal room was an octagon of 60 feet in diameter, with draperies of crimson and white drawn to a centre at the top, something like a tent. The room was crowded; uniforms of all nations in abundance, but none so splendid

as those of the Colonels of the Grecian Phalanx. I do not know whether this body exists in fact, or only in name. We certainly had not the good fortune to see more of it than the ball-room dress. The troops that we did see were in the light blue Bavarian uniform, and appeared to consist of Greeks and Bavarians intermixed, and were by no means distinguished either for appearance, discipline, or stature. Ladies—Greeks as well as of Western complexions—were not rare, but beauty, alas! in vain did we look for the boasted charms of Greece, and we began to think that they existed but *in* the imaginations of poets and painters. The *belles* of the room were Germans, daughters of Count Armansperg, the prime minister; a daughter of Prince Soutzo was also pretty; as was a Smyrniote Greek lady, wife of the chief Bassos: but to them was limited, according to our tastes, the beauty of a room, in which there must have been nearly a hundred of the fair sex. Mr.

Hill—an American missionary long settled in Athens—and who, in addition to the public good which he does by the instruction of the natives, is exceedingly kind and hospitable to strangers—was our guide through this brilliant maze. He introduced us to several distinguished personages, and amongst others, to the celebrated Colocotroni, who, from being a mountain robber, became a patriot, and was now a courtier.

It must not be supposed that the term *Klefts—robbers*—which we find applied, in various publications relative to the Greek Revolution, to some of the principal leaders, are exactly what in Western Europe we denominate *robbers*. They were, under the Turkish Government, rather of the style of *Fergus M'Ivor* in *Waverley;* and from levying a kind of *Black-mail* on their neighbourhood, proceeded to actual rebellion, against what they considered an intrusive government. Such practices were, indeed, in Greece, of the highest antiquity. The new king-

dom has been mainly established by the same class of persons, who, as Thucydides tells us, "were not ashamed, but on the contrary, derived glory from such exploits, which are even to this day thought honourable to those οἷς κόσμος καλῶς τοῦτο δρᾶν—" which Smith, in the style of Captain Macheath, translates, "*provided it be genteelly performed.*"

The old fox, though he is said to be in the pay of Russia, affects to be favourable to the English interests; he made us several complimentary speeches, which my introducer translated, saying that England had given life and energy to the Greeks, and that she was the pillar on which all their hopes of liberty were based. I, of course, returned his civility, by as pretty a speech as I could make, on Greek valour and his own generalship, and drawing away my hand, (which he had held and squeezed during the dialogue,) I retreated with his blessing, and a wish

expressed for my health and happiness. His countenance exhibits talent; and you cannot pass without noticing his aqui-

line physiognomy, eagle eye, beaked nose, and inquiring who he is.

To the King of Bavaria we were also introduced. He seems an affable, good-

tempered old gentleman, and speaks English very fluently. He asked various questions in the usual abrupt style of royal condescension, and then moved on to the next in the circle. Mavromichalis—the ex-Hospodar of Wallachia—and a host of worthies whose fame has hardly reached our shores, were also present, and pointed out to us, by our obliging conductor, as objects of curiosity. Not having been presented at a levee, we were precluded by etiquette from a personal communication with King Otho. He is what the ladies call *plain*—about twenty-two years of age, but his appearance does not indicate more than eighteen or nineteen. He seemed very fond of dancing, and during the whole evening, whether waltz, quadrille, or cotillon was the figure of the moment, he was prominent and active in it. Shortly after one he retired—the ball broke up, and all returned to their dwellings.

We have been hitherto singularly fortu-

nate in our weather, and in arriving at our various halting-places at moments of festivity, by which we have been enabled to see more of the inhabitants than we otherwise could have done in so short a visit.

We had a curiosity to see the *Maid of Athens*, celebrated by Lord Byron; but some portion of the romance which his poetry had thrown around her was dissolved, by hearing that she had become the wife of one of the municipal officers, and now bears the unpoetical name of *Mrs. Black*. She was not, I presume, of rank to be at the royal ball, and we had during our stay no opportunity of seeing her—fortunately perhaps—for we were informed, as we might indeed have guessed, that the sight of her who had been a beauty twenty years before, would have totally destroyed a charm, which the change of name had already impaired.

CHAPTER VIII.

ATHENS.—POPULATION.—SCHOOLS.—MODERN LANGUAGE AND COSTUME.

[6TH OF FEBRUARY.]

YESTERDAY was completed a census of the population. The number of inhabitants, including soldiery, Greek and Bavarian, is *fifteen thousand*—a great increase we are told, within the last twelve months, but a terrible falling off from the days when Athens was in her splendor.

It would be too much to venture on an anticipation of what it may again rise to, but there are several indications which appear to promise, not indeed her ancient glories, but at least a revival of civilization, which cannot fail to draw to a region so rich in

objects of art and in mental associations a high degree of internal improvement and prosperity. Athens is not now, for practical purposes, so distant from London—"toto divisos orbe Britannos,"—as Rome was thirty years ago; and who can tell to what a state of prosperity habitual intercourse with the civilized world may again exalt the narrow but illustrious territory of Attica?

Already has the school, established by Mr. and Mrs. Hill, operated most beneficially on the people: though the school-house has only been lately built, the school itself has existed upwards of five years, and it is attended by several hundreds of both sexes and various ages. In addition to this, they have in their own house girls from each of the provinces of the kingdom, whom they are bringing up, with the sanction of the government, to be teachers in their native districts. This is, perhaps, the germ of a literary, moral, and religious reform,

which may restore the Greeks to somewhat of their ancient fame, and to more than their ancient civilization.

The king, to shew his sense of the good which Mrs. Hill has done in improving the moral condition of the Greeks, and his approbation of her conduct, has presented her with a gold medal, accompanied with a letter of thanks.

A little incident occurred, however, today, which shews that the government itself is not quite as active as it ought to be in the work of civilization. Mr. Hill, whose kindness is unwearied, was so obliging as to conduct us to the office of the *Nomarch* of the city, to procure our passports and the other proper papers for proceeding on our journey. That officer happened not to be at home; and while we were waiting his return, Mr. Hill asked some labourers, who were loitering about the place, what they wanted: they said that they had been there *since the previous*

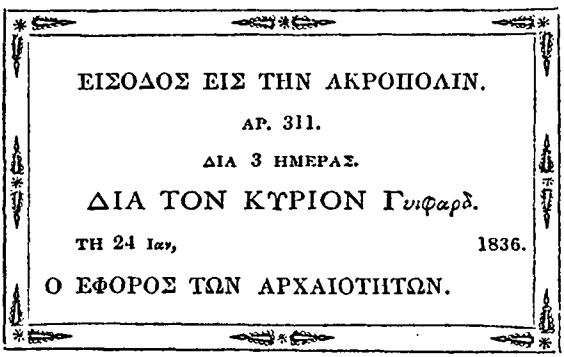
evening, waiting also for an order to remove the corpse of one of their companions, who had died the day before, while working on the roads, and whose body had been ever since lying by the road-side between the Peiræus and the city. We thought, on hearing this account, that if the police laws are so strict that the body might not be moved without an order, it would be but right for the officer, who was to give such an order, to be more particular in his attendance on his duties; for a little attention to such points as these is even more urgent than the restoration of the Parthenon.

As we were walking through the streets with Mr. Hill, we were glad to see that the common people all recognized him with respect and regard, as if they were sensible of the good he was doing them. Most of them addressed him with "σας ευχαριστε," *may you be fortunate*, or some similar term, to which he always replied

by a different form of words; and he explained to us, that in answer to the salutation by which the people might greet us on our journey, as (καλ' ἡμερα, *good day*, and so forth), it would not be polite to return the same words, but to use some other expression than that used to us: we therefore provided ourselves, under his tuition, with an intelligible pronunciation of a few phrases, with which we were enabled to respond to the civilities of those who accosted us. And here I may make a few remarks on the pronunciation of modern Greek, to explain the difficulties we experienced in our attempts to speak, or even to understand the language.

The first observation I have to make is, as I am informed by better linguists than myself, that the modern language is not essentially different from the ancient:—of course, many modern words, as must happen to every living language, have been added, but the majority of the

radical words, and the inflections and grammatical construction are nearly the same. Xenophon would, no doubt, be puzzled by an Athenian Gazette; but the readers of the Athenian Gazette find no difficulty, I suppose, in reading Xenophon. There is certainly as little difference between old and modern Greek as between old and modern English,—and much less, I believe, than between the Latin and Italian. In short, the ancient character and language may be said to be in common use, as will be evident on a small scale, from the accompanying copy of the pass which I received to visit the Parthenon. It was a square bit of yellow paper, with a copper-plate engraving of a view of Athens from the banks of the Ilyssus, beyond the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and a printed form, in Greek and French, in which the names and dates are filled up by a pen.


ΕΙΣΟΔΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΑΚΡΟΠΟΛΙΝ.

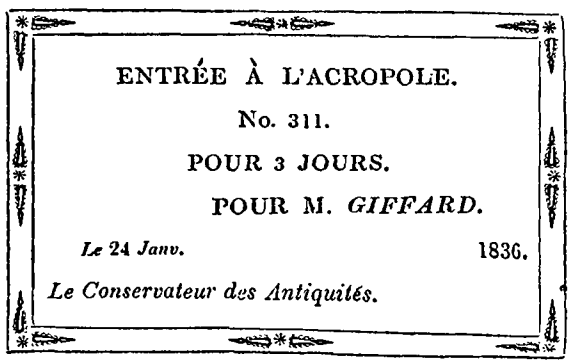
ΑΡ. 311.

ΔΙΑ 3 ΗΜΕΡΑΣ.

ΔΙΑ ΤΟΝ ΚΥΡΙΟΝ Γνιφαρδ.

ΤΗ 24 Ιαν, 1836.

Ο ΕΦΟΡΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΗΤΩΝ.


ENTRÉE À L'ACROPOLE.

No. 311.

POUR 3 JOURS.

POUR M. *GIFFARD.*

Le 24 *Janv.* 1836.

Le Conservateur des Antiquités.

I add the two first paragraphs of the proclamation of the Greek government, announcing the death of Lord Byron, with a literal translation:

Αἱ παρουσαι χαρμοσυνοι * ἡμεραι εγιναν δια ὁλους ἡμας ἡμεραι πενθους.

The present rejoicing days have become to all of us days of grief.

Ὁ Λορδ Νοελ Βυρων απερασε σημερον εις την αλλην ζωην, περι τας ἑνδεκα ὡρας την ἑσπεραν μετα μιαν ασθενειαν φλογιστικου ρευματικου πυρετου 10 ἡμερων, κ. τ. λ.

The Lord Noel Byron departed to-day into another life, about the eleventh hour of the evening, from a disease of inflammatory rheumatic fever of 10 days, &c.

I also subjoin the Lord's Prayer in ancient and modern Greek, in which the similarity of the languages will be very apparent:

GREEK.

Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς. Ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου· Ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου. Γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον. Καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ἀμήν.

MODERN GREEK.

Πατέρα μας, ὁποῦ εἶσαι εἰς τὸν ουρανόν. Ἂς ἁγιασμένον τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἂς ἔλθῃ ἡ βασιλία σου. Ἂς γένῃ τὸ θέλημα σου, καθὼς εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, οὕτω καὶ εἰς τὴν γῆν. Δός μας σήμερον τὸ ἀναγκαῖόν μας ψωμί. Καὶ συγχώρησέ μας τὰ πταίσματά μας, καθὼς συγχωροῦμεν καὶ ἡμεῖς ἐκείνους ὁποῦ μᾶς πταίουσι. Καὶ μὴ μᾶς φέρῃς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλ' ἐλευθέρωσέ μας ἀπὸ τὸ κακόν. Ἀμήν.

* *Sic* in all the copies I have seen.

These examples will show the essential similarity between the ancient and modern dialects.

But as to the pronunciation, the case is much more questionable. There is certainly a primâ facie probability that the traditional pronunciation would follow the traditional language, and it may be so; but the present pronunciation overthrows all *our* ideas of the sound of the ancient tongue: I do not say *ours*, as English alone, but (though in a less degree perhaps) of other European nations.

For instance, the very word *Alphabet*, which all the nations of the world have derived from the Greek, is in modern Greek a misnomer, for there is no letter of the sound which we call B in their language. The Beta is called Veta, and so pronounced. Thus, Bion and Brasidas are called *Vion* and *Vrasethas;* while our sound B is strangely misrepresented by a combination of the letters μπ; so that when they have to write the name of that

modern luxury *tobacco* (so much used amongst them), it can only be done by ταμπακκω, *Tampacco;* and *Byron*, if they wished to represent the *sound*, they would be obliged to render Μπυρων, *Mpyron**. They generally, indeed, as in the proclamation, adhere to our mode of writing, Βυρων, and they then pronounce it *Veerone;* nor have they a letter to express our sound of D, the Δ (*delta*) being *Thelta*, and invariably pronounced like *th* in *them;* while Θ (*theta*) has the force of *th* in *theme*. Our D is represented by T, but only when it follows an N, and this happens even when the N and T are in different words, as τον τροπον is pronounced *ton dropon*.

* The use of ΜΠ for the European B, and ΝΤ for D, is *at least* as early as the Byzantine Empire. When Mr. Gibbon finds the Princess Anna Comnena writing the name of the celebrated *Robert* Guiscard—Ρομπερτος, he at first calls it a "Greek *corruption* of the name" (Decl. and Fall, x. 270, ed. 1802); but when he subsequently found Cantacuzene calling a Duke *di Brunswick* Δυκος ντι Μπρουνζουικ, he observes that "the modern Greeks employ the ντ for D, and the μπ for the B."—(Ib. xi. 371.)

The loss of *our* letters B and D, and the confusion between B and V, as Βασιλευς, *Basileus*, is pronounced *Vasilefs;* and between Δ and Θ, would alone be enough to embarrass any European: and it is almost as bad, if not worse, with some of the vowels. A, indeed, has its general European pronunciation, as *a* in father, and O and Ω are both pronounced as our long *o* in *bone;* but I, H, and Υ, are all confounded into the single sound of the English *ee*, as in *meet*, or of *i* in the French or Italian; and οι, ει, and υι, the most frequent diphthongs in the language, are confounded in the same sound of *ee*. The absorption of no less than six characters or combinations of characters, into one sound, can hardly be consistent with the distinctive euphony of the ancient language*. Some other diphthongs are

* I do not forget that English confounds occasionally the *e*, the *i*, the *y*, and the *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*, and *ie*, in the sound *ee*, as in figure, female, gypsey, eat, free, either,

equally unintelligible to our ears; as αυ is pronounced as *av*, or *af*; ευ, *ev*, or *ef*; ηυ, *eve*, or *eef*.

The prosody also has suffered great variations, not only in proper names, as Egĭna for Egīna, but in ordinary words, as ανθρωπος, anthrŏpos, for anthrōpos; μεγᾰλη, megāle, for megăle; and κεφᾰλη, kephāle, for kephăle. I need hardly say, that until a foreigner has, by much practice and care, got rid of all his own habits of pronunciation, a language so changed in its vowels, consonants, and quantity, must be quite unintelligible to him, if in the habit of *reading* only, either modern or ancient Greek.

I am not about to venture on a discussion, which was left in a very dubious state by the learned on the revival of Greek literature in Western Europe, but I cannot but observe, that it is hard to believe that the

frieze, &c.; but they have *sometimes* their proper sounds, and are not *always* so confounded, which they *invariably* are in Greek.

present pronunciation can be the same as the ancient; for besides the penury of sounds with which it narrows the language, we have at least one instance in which ancient authority seems to contradict the modern practice; for an Aristophanic fragment talks of the 'Βη, Βη προβατων βληχη—' *ba, ba,* the bleating *of sheep;* and we can witness that the modern sheep of Greece pronounce the B with as much distinctness as those on Salisbury Plain. Nor can I give much credence to a system which reduces the πολυφλοισβοιο of Homer—a sound which we heard the *sea* itself *articulating* on the shores of Pylos, into *pollyfleesveeo.*

The most remarkable grammatical variation which struck us was one which I had thought essentially English — the formation of the future tense by the auxiliaries *have* and *will:* instead—for instance, instead of the pluperfect εγεγραφειν, the modern Greek says and writes, in the common English idiom, ειχα γραψει—I *had*

written; and instead of the old future γραψω, he says θελω γραψει; literally, *I will* write; so that between the θελω λεγειν, the poetic inspiration of Anacreon, and a simple expression of futurity, the modern Greek makes no distinction.

The aristocratic forms of France and England have long since banished the *thee* and *thou* from ordinary conversation. The Italians carry courtesy farther, and their respectful mode is to address one in the third person; but the Greeks go still farther, for they evade the personal pronoun, and will say, as more polite and respectful, του λογου μου, του λόγου σου, του λογου μας—literally, the *word of me*—the *word of thee*—the *word of us*, for *I—you—we*.

These few observations, which will strike every one, who attempts to apply his old Greek to modern use, are not merely the result of my own imperfect experience, but are corroborated and developed (with other necessary information) in a modern

Greek Grammar, written in French, by Julius David, formerly a professor of Greek at Scio, and translated and adapted to English use, by the Rev. George Winnock, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, chaplain of the forces in the Ionian Islands *.

In illustration of the spirit of the rising generation, Mr. Hill told us an anecdote of one of the younger boys at his school—the son of the chief Bassos, and I suppose of the lady whom we admired at the ball. The boy, on returning home one afternoon, saw his father in the *Frank* costume, and would not speak to him until he had put it off; saying, it was not his father, if he wore that dress:—this from an urchin not more than six years old, who struts about in a *Palikari* dress, armed to the teeth, with pistols and ataghan suited to his size

* This volume, which an Englishman, intending to visit Greece, will find of great use, I procured at Corfu, where it was printed; but the title-page tell us that it is to be had at Parker's, Oxford; Deighton's, Cambridge; and Rivington's, &c. in London.

—does not afford much probability of the old dress being discontinued if the boys all have this feeling. Indeed the daily papers state that the Bavarian King of Greece is about to adopt the national costume, in his visit to Europe in search of a wife; and if the dress be equally comfortable, he will be quite right; for—with its embroidered vest, tight jacket and greaves, and loose snowy camese, similar to the Highland kilt—it is much handsomer than our Western habiliments cut and carved with such assiduous care to impede our activity and disguise our shape.

His Majesty, however, will not be able to show quite so small a waist as some of his subjects; who, from early habit, have reduced this part of the figure so much as, in some *dandies*, to render it almost capable of being spanned. In their scarlet jackets, they look like *wasps*.

CHAPTER IX.

PEIRÆUS.—TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.—EGINA.—EPIDAURUS.

[7TH FEBRUARY.]

HAVING reckoned with our host of the Munich Hotel, whose bill, notwithstanding the inferiority of our accommodation, was so exorbitant as to justify the proverbial prejudice against *modern Greeks* — we now, more prudent than on our arrival, sent for horses to convey us to the Peiræus. But what animals to dignify with the name of horses! the driver of a costermonger's cart in England would have been ashamed (the only shame, perhaps, of which such folks are capable,) of sitting behind one of them; and they looked as if they could no

more reach the Peiræus than the top of Parnassus. Not having thought it necessary to provide ourselves with whips or spurs for so short a ride, we kicked and thumped their sides; but a slow walk was the utmost speed we could produce; and as far as regards *bodily fatigue*, we had infinitely better have walked on foot, and carried our luggage into the bargain. We were, however, overtaken by a party of English midshipmen returning from last night's ball, similarly mounted but differently armed, for they were provided with heavy English hunting-whips, with which — *Ajaces flagelliferi* — they astonished the unfortunate hacks for the first time in their lives into a gallop. Ours, instigated by so novel an example, or fearing the same discipline, followed them at the same rate, and finished their five miles in less time than, I suppose, it has been performed since the Olympic Æra—twenty minutes at the outside. We felt that we were on the spot

where the *trident* of *Neptune* had given *life to the horse.*

We arrived in time to attend divine service on board H.M.S. Portland; after which, having visited the Medea, a magnificent steam frigate, we started with Captain Austin of the latter ship, who was so good as to be our guide—and an excellent guide he was—to the Munychia and Phaleron, which, with the Peiræus, formed the ancient triple seaport of Athens.

The heights above Peiræus bear traces of strong fortifications, the rock in some places having been hewn into walls; in others, the foundations of masonry still existed; but the days are gone by when the safety of Athens depended on *her* wooden walls. I fancy she had better, for the present at least, rely on *ours.* By-and-by it may be different; and the Western nations, who are now so anxious to create kingdoms in the Levant, may find their policy more generous than prudent.

We met the Greek pilot of the Portland, with a young and pretty wife, whom he had just married: he made inquiries of the Captain, whether the two men-of-war were really to sail on the morrow. On being assured that they were, the old man, for such he comparatively was, turned to his young bride, and gave her such a languishing disconsolate look, that we could scarce refrain from a smile, especially as the lady seemed by no means to participate in his sorrow. It did not seem to us that she was likely to call her absent spouse ποθεινοτατον.

Having been joined by Captain Price of the Portland, we embarked in his boat, and rowed across to the entrance of the harbour, where we saw a pier had been carried out under water to narrow the entrance; the same had been done on the other side.

On one of these piers, raised at the extremity above the water, formerly stood

the celebrated lion, which gave the harbour its name of Porto Leone (though sometimes Porto Drako). This and another from the neighbourhood, now adorn the gate of the Arsenal at Venice. The lions were removed, after the capture of Athens by the Venetians under Morosini, and were by no means the most severe loss which the antiquities of Athens sustained from that attack; for a shell, during the bombardment, fell upon the Parthenon, in which the Turks had formed a powder magazine, and by its explosion gave the first destructive blow to that edifice, and became the chief cause of its ultimate dilapidation; for the Turks, unable to make the building of further use, could think of nothing better than converting the marble into mortar; in which process they found that the statues and ornaments, by the superior purity of the material, were the most available, and in consequence gave them an unlucky preference.

Walking along the eastern shore of the Peiræus, we observed the foundations of walls, with square equidistant towers, extending to the extreme point of land. Near this is the tomb of the Greek admiral Miaulis, buried here at his own request last summer, the obsequies having been performed with great pomp. The grave is even at this early date scarcely discernible, but we were informed that a monument was to be erected to his memory. Near the same spot, in a tomb similar to those we see in an English churchyard, lies the body of the chaplain of one of our ships, who died on this station. His remains are now, we understand, to be moved to a Protestant cemetery, which has been consecrated in the city. I mention this, that the grave of our poor chaplain may not be hereafter confounded with that of Miaulis, or some even more celebrated Greek—for tombs, like pedestals, are sometimes very loosely appropriated in

these parts: of this, we had a vexatious instance at hand.

We were now in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tomb of Themistocles, the victor of Salamis — the restorer of Athens; and we acknowledged that the situation was most appropriate for the tomb of the hero. From it were visible, on one hand, the lofty monuments of his civic and military glory; on the other, the scene of his great naval triumph; and every sailor passing in or out of the main harbour of his country might show with exultation to the stranger or the traveller the tomb of the saviour of Greece.

That, which was pointed out to us as this tomb, is a sarcophagus, or rather *soros*, hollowed out of the rock, so low and close to the water, that the waves occasionally roll into it; and close by, and apparently belonging to it, lay the broken fragments of a large, and what must have been a lofty column.

This site is not inconsistent with the most ancient record which we possess on the subject—the verses of the poet Plato—preserved by Plutarch; and "which have," says Cumberland, "a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity that deserve a better translation than I can give."

"By the sea's margin on the watery strand
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand;
By this directed, to thy native shore
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight."

But a doubt unfortunately arises, whether this soros on the water's edge can be the *tomb* of Themistocles. In the first place, it seems unlikely that his kindred should have placed his bones, where they ran the risk of being washed out by a gale of wind. To this objection the massive weight of the superstructure may be an answer; but in the next place, it seems uncertain that his remains were ever brought to *Athens* at all. Thucydides, writing about

fifty years after the death of Themistocles, states that

"His monument existed in the forum of the city of Magnesia, where he died; and that if, *as was reported*, his bones had been removed and buried somewhere in Attica, it must have been done *clandestinely*, and without the knowledge of the Athenians."—*Thuc.* i. 137.

Any monument, therefore, subsequently erected to him, would probably have been rather a *cenotaph*, than a *sarcophagus*. The verses too of Plato, it must be observed, are not an epitaph actually engraved on a tomb, but a prophetic suggestion of what and where the future tomb should be.

There is also a passage in Demosthenes, which seems to imply that there was no monument to Themistocles; the words, indeed, only relate to a *brazen statue*, but the argument seems equally to apply to any kind of monument.

Ἐκεῖνοι [προγονοι] Θεμιστοκλέα τὸν τὴν ἐν Σαλαμῖνι ναυμαχίαν στρατηγοντα.—κ. τ. λ. (περι Συνταξεως)

"*Your ancestors, and it is to their example that you should look, neither erected brazen statues nor paid extraordinary honours to Themistocles, who commanded in the sea fight at Salamis, nor to Miltiades, who led them at Marathon. No one in speaking of them, calls Salamis the battle of Themistocles, but of the Athenians; nor Marathon the victory of Miltiades, but of the Athenians.*"

It may be said that this applies only to *public* honours — whereas Themistocles' tomb was the work of his family; yet still, if the people had sanctioned its erection, it would seem inconsistent with the argument of Demosthenes; and again, in the same oration, in the admired passage before referred to (p. 184), he says, that though their ancestors left them "the *Propylæa*, the *Parthenon*, the *Arsenals*, &c., yet, so little personal honour was paid to individuals, however illustrious, that if any one so much as knew which was the residence of Themistocles, or Cimon, or Aristides, or Miltiades, he would see that it was not distinguishable from its neighbours."

It seems difficult to imagine how all this could have been said, if, in the sight of the auditory, and in front of the very arsenals to which the orator alluded, there had stood a lofty pillar to the glory of Themistocles, inscribed with such encomiastic verses as those of Plato.

But, on the other hand, Plutarch, who preserves Plato's verses, relates further, on the authority of Diodorus the Geographer, (though with some apparent doubt on his own part) that

"Within one of the points of the harbour of the Peiræus, where the water is almost smooth, there is a foundation or base, of large dimensions (ἰνμιγίθης), on which stands an *altar-like* monument, the tomb of Themistocles."—*Them. sub fine.*

Pausanias also says—

"Near the greatest of the three creeks of the Peiræus *is situated* the sepulchre of Themistocles; for *it is said* that the Athenians repented of their conduct towards him; and that his kindred brought his bones from Magnesia to this place, and his children were allowed to place in the Parthenon a picture in which he was represented." (Att. 1, 2.)

The evidence of the accurate Pausanias, corroborated by Diodorus, seems to overpower the inference from Demosthenes, and leaves little doubt that the Athenians did repent of their injustice; and that *hereabouts* there was a monument to Themistocles; but was it this sarcophagus on the water's edge? Diodorus' statement relative to the great size of the base, and his allusion to the smoothness of the water, are rather in favour of this supposition; but Lord Byron, whose acquaintance with the Athenian localities was very accurate, seems—in the rather tame imitation of Plato's lines, with which the Giaour opens—to say that the tomb was *higher* upon the promontory, and not on the water's edge:—

"No breath of air to break the wave,
That rolls *below* the Athenian's grave;
That tomb, which gleaming *o'er the cliff*,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,

High o'er the land he saved in vain ;
When shall such hero live again ?"

Pittakys jumbles together all the statements, and consequently all the difficulties.

"On the promontory of the Peiraic Peninsula is seen a monument in form of an altar; this was the tomb of Themistocles. In the same place, we find two tombs hollowed in the rock, on the level of the waters which bathe them ; one of these contains a sarcophagus ; there is a large sub-basement to prevent the waters entering these tombs, when the south wind blows:—near these tombs are large fragments of a column of Peiraic stone. I believe, that after the battle of Salamis the Athenians erected on this spot a trophy in commemoration of the victory, because it is opposite the scene of the fight, and that the children of Themistocles chose it as the depository of their father's bones."—*Pitt.* p. 6.

From the first part of this passage, it seems that Pittakys does *not* think the sarcophagus was the actual tomb of Themistocles, though the latter part seems to imply that it was.

These doubts did not strike us on the spot, and indeed were first suggested by

comparing Lord Byron's lines with the original of Plato in Plutarch. Some future traveller, or perhaps Mr. Pittakys himself, will make a more diligent examination of the spot, and ascertain whether there be, higher on the promontory, (no part of which, however, is high) any remains of the ALTAR-LIKE tomb of Themistocles.

Returning from our walk, we went on board the Portland, where her captain had invited us to dine, which we accepted with additional pleasure, as we were to leave the harbour that evening for Egina, in a boat which we had directed our servants to hire and bring alongside the frigate.

Had it not been for the quarantine, to which we should have been subject on our return, Constantinople would have been easily reached, even in our limited period for travelling, so as to allow of our returning by the same packet in which we eventually came home. A steamer was lying in the harbour to proceed two days

after to Smyrna and Constantinople, staying a day at the former, and one or two at the latter place, and returning again to Athens. The whole trip would not have occupied more than the ten days which we wasted afterwards in quarantine at Zante; and that quarantine is now removed, we having been the last sufferers. This was the greatest mortification we received in our whole tour; for, to have taken Smyrna and Constantinople in the range of our short excursion would have been really valuable: but there was no help for it; Minos and Rhadamanthus were less inexorable than the quarantine laws of the Levant.

About seven in the evening we left our hospitable entertainer, and the ship, on board which we felt that we had passed *a few hours in England*, and again intrusted ourselves to the same boat which had brought us from Kallimachi. Our engagement with the *padrone* was, that he should land us near the Temple of

Jupiter Panhellenius, in Egina, and then proceed to Epidaurus, for the sum of ten dollars, we having paid eight from *Kallimachi* to Athens.

Our padrone was to have landed us at the foot of the hill on which stands the temple; but fearing, as the sky was threatening, that it might come on to blow, he ran at daylight into a small bay, about four miles from the ruins. We were ignorant of their exact locality with reference to our place of debarkation, and not a little disappointed on mounting the first intervening hill, at finding that they were still at a considerable distance, especially as we foresaw an approaching storm. However, we pushed forward, but had hardly time to take a hasty view of the temple when it began to rain in torrents. We endeavoured to shelter ourselves behind the columns, while we admired through the showers this magnificent edifice.

Having remained some time in this position, in hopes of a change of weather—but to no purpose—we at last took refuge in a small chapel dedicated to St. Demetri, (the patron saint of our servant—a circumstance to which he alluded with a kind of exultation) which stood at the foot of the hill, and from that, the rain still continuing, we were driven back to our vessel.

The remains of the temple are tolerably perfect. The columns exposed to the south-east are much corroded by the weather; but on the opposite side are but little damaged. The temple is what I believe is technically called hexastyle and peripteral, that is, it has six columns at each end, with a colonnade along the sides; of which, with the *cella* or interior, enough remains to give a good idea of what it once was. The sculptured marbles which were on the pediment have been long since removed to Munich, the King of Bavaria having purchased them soon after their

discovery, for nearly 6000*l*. The trustees of the British museum had offered a much larger sum, but by the mismanagement of their agent were too late.

In our walk of several miles to and from the temple, we passed, at the most, but half a dozen houses, and about the same number of human beings; the arable soil, however, appeared well cultivated, and the mountain sides were covered with immense flocks of goats. We tried to get some milk for our breakfast from one herdsman, but after milking above forty of his flock, and scarcely getting forty drops of liquid, he gave it up in despair; but even of this small quantity we were deprived by our servant falling and breaking the bottle. The peasant attributed the scarcity of milk to the pasture having been completely burnt up by the heat of the preceding summer, and the herbage not having yet sufficiently recovered itself. By this, it appears that they suffered as

much in Egina from excessive drought as we did in England during the last summer.

On re-embarking, our first difficulty was how to change our wet clothes in the cabin of the boat, in which we could not even sit upright: this feat, however, we accomplished, and felt again comfortable in our dry garments. During breakfast the rain ceased, and on looking out from our gravel couch, we had a passing view of the town of Egina, with one solitary pillar standing near the shore. Passing many isles and islets, and experiencing several delays from the lulling of the wind, we arrived at sunset at Epidaurus, now Pidayra.

The bay is pretty, but the town, which sent 800 men to Platæa, and I know not how many ships to Salamis, can now barely muster 80 inhabitants, and eight small boats: the houses, such as they are, stand on the right shore of the bay, as you enter it, and not on the site of the old town,

which, judging from traces of building, and the superiority of situation, must have been on a rocky eminence running out into the bay, and connected with the land by a narrow swampy isthmus.

At the foot of this height five mutilated statues of white marble have been lately dug up, three female figures of colossal size, one of which is recumbent, and exhibits tolerable execution; the others had, in our judgment, no peculiar excellence.

At the little port we observed the inhabitants embarking for the supply of the Athenian market vegetables that are raised on the land adjoining the village, which has almost the appearance of an English market garden.

Returning from our walk round the bay, we found a tolerable hovel, in one apartment of which we spent the night. It was cold, and our room being on an upper story, reached by a stair-case from without, with a boarded floor, a fire on it was

out of the question, and we several times regretted our earthen floor at Scala, and the blazing fire we there managed to keep up. Bad as it appeared to our inexperience, we found that as we *went farther we fared worse.*

CHAPTER X.

IERO.—NAPOLI.—TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS.—PALAMEDE.

[9TH AND 10TH FEBRUARY.]

At six the following morning (the 9th February) the horses were at the door, hired for the sum of five drachmæ each, to convey us to Napoli; ourselves quitting the main path, and going round by Iero to visit the grove sacred to Æsculapius, where we were led to expect some remarkable antiquities, while our servants and baggage took the direct road. After three hours' riding, we arrived at Iero; the first part over a fertile plain, on which tobacco and cotton were growing; then through a romantic defile along the side of a rocky

hill, with a mountain torrent tumbling beneath; the path in some places a mere shelf, only broad enough for one to pass, with a sheer precipice above and below; while in others it wound through a beautiful shrubbery, where the myrtle and arbutus were joined over our heads by festoons of the clematis in full bloom and odour. By such a path we arrived at the place on which stands, or rather stood, Iero. The name Iero, and the relative situation to Epidaurus, as well as the ruins on the spot, leave no doubt as to the identity of the place with the sacred city of Æsculapius. Pausanias, in most editions and versions, is made to say, that the "Sacred Grove was on all sides surrounded by *mountains*, and that within *that circuit* it was not lawful to be born or to die:" an expression which, besides its seeming to attribute a *personal responsibility*, in the only two matters in which one can have no choice, would lead us at first sight to

suppose that the sacred inclosure and interdict extended on every side to the foot of the mountains, and overspread the whole valley, city and all; but this apparent absurdity must have arisen from reading ὄρη, *mountains*, instead of ὅροι, *bounds or fences*. The passage appears to me to mean that the Sacred Grove was an inclosed precinct, from which dying and parturient patients were removed. This accords too with what Pausanias adds, that in his own time Antoninus Pius erected *outside this boundary* hospitals for lying-in women, and for the sick in the last stage of danger.

The only remains now traceable of this '*Bath*' of antiquity are those of the theatre. Innumerable fragments of other buildings lie around, but nothing like an edifice, or anything to guide visitors in appropriating to any particular object these confused ruins. Even the name of a *Grove* no part of the neighbourhood now deserves, for there are scarcely a dozen trees in the

vicinity. The theatre, however, is very large and perfect, though overgrown with a shrub of the lentiscus tribe. It consists of fifty-eight rows of seats, rising one above the other, with steps at regular intervals leading up through them; each seat about fifteen inches high. The depth from the centre of what would be the stage to the lowest seat, as near as we could judge by stepping it, is sixty-five feet, and the breadth, from wing to wing, seventy-five feet *.

The mention of this theatre by Pausanias has been the source of another strange mistake. He is made to say "that the theatre is *within* a temple."—"In ipso fano theatrum est," — (*Amasæus*, ap. Facium iv. 103,) or, as Taylor renders it, "*there is a theatre in a temple.*" What must the temple have been which could contain one of the greatest theatres of Greece? The whole difficulty seems to me to arise

* The *total* diameter is stated by Colonel Leake to be 366 feet.—*Top. Ath.* p. 59.

from a mistranslation. What Pausanias says is Ἐπιδαυρίοις δέ ἐστι θέατρον ἐν τῷ ἱερῳ, which last word should, I think, be printed Ἰερῳ, meaning, "*the Epidaurians have a theatre in Iero;*" the adjective Ἱερῳ, *sacred*, having become in the course of time the *proper name* of the place; and the passage would then clearly mean, that the people of the "Epidaurian district have a theatre in the city of Iero."

Abundance of *temples*, however, there were in the valley. Pausanias enumerates those of Æsculapius, Health, Diana, Apollo, Venus and Themis, and a stadium of mounded earth. There were, he also says, numerous votive pillars, on which were inscribed the names and diseases of those who had been cured by their pilgrimage to the shrine. We saw the grassy surface of the stadium, but had not time to look for these marble records of the hospital. When the new government of Greece becomes settled, and shall either direct public re-

searches or sanction private ones, there are few places in Greece which promise a more copious harvest of antiquities—though not perhaps of a high class of art—than the valley of Iero.

We had not the good fortune to see any of the serpents or snakes sacred to Æsculapius and innocuous to men, with which this place is said to abound. The weather was probably unfavourable to their appearance, for our examination was impeded by a drenching rain. Trusting however to the character of the Sacred Grove, we set the weather at defiance, and persevered in our inspection—confident that Æsculapius would not allow his votaries to suffer from their duty to him. And in this our hopes were confirmed, though I cannot say that in other respects we were not somewhat disappointed. No doubt, with our recent impressions of Athens, any place we could have visited would have lost in the comparison. The truth is, the reports we had

received had carried our expectations rather too high, and our semi-disappointment was useful, as it warned us not to be so sanguine in future.

Quitting the plain of Iero, we again joined the main path near Ligurio; but the rain now descended in torrents, and lasted during the remainder of our journey —four hours and a half. Here we experienced the uncertainty of measuring distance by time; *three miles* are generally estimated as an *hour*, and this computation may be safely relied on when you have it from good authority; but when you inquire of the peasants or native travellers, they give you very different and inaccurate estimates; for instance, by the maps, Ligurio is distant from Napoli about fifteen miles, yet a party that we met soon after we had left Ligurio, told us, on inquiring, that it was only *two hours* to Napoli; the next, about half an hour after, called it *two hours and a half;* while within a few minutes,

a succeeding traveller reckoned it only *three half hours.* We, wet and weary, were willing enough to believe this flattering report, and as we surmounted each successive eminence, strained our eyes in looking for the sea, as eagerly as the Ten Thousand; but we were as often disappointed; for it was not until we had ridden, exclusive of our halt at Iero, above eight hours from Epidaurus that we arrived at Napoli, being about twenty-five English miles, which agrees pretty well with the general computation.

When we had descended into the Argive Plain, we endeavoured to increase our speed, but soon found that the road was worse than in the mountains; our poor jaded beasts sunk at each step more than a foot deep in the mire, and we with difficulty reached the town.

Napoli, the ancient Nauplia, is now called *Napoli di Romania,* to distinguish it from the *Napoli di Malvasia,* a

fortress on the coast of Maina. The classical reader will recollect that Palamedes, the son of Nauplius, the founder of this city, was the unfortunate hero who detected the feigned insanity of Ulysses *, when employed in the notable farce of sowing the sea-shore with salt, and was by the vengeance of the crafty Ithacan put to death by the Greeks, early in the Trojan war: after him is called to this day the *Palamede*, a fortress on a precipitous hill, looking impregnable, and overhanging the town which is in itself strongly fortified.

The streets are straight and narrow, with high houses on either side, but exhibiting none of that appearance of ruin which all the towns we saw before or after displayed; indeed, it is the only place which does not bear marks of the ravages of time, or war—still more destructive in this climate than time. It is singular that this, the only thriving town we found, is represented by

* Philostrat. Heroic. cap. 10.

Pausanias as desolate, and fallen into utter decay; and Dr. Clarke, in 1801, found it unhealthy and declining. It is now, in appearance at least, the very reverse. The inn is very good; but I recollect that our apartment, being situated up two pair of lofty stairs, we did not, stiff as we were, with sitting so long in our awkward saddles in a drenching rain, relish the ascent, though eventually leading to comfort. We engaged a sitting-room and three bedrooms, at five drachmæ each room per day; while breakfast, dinner, &c., amounted to five more, for each person; in fact—as we were informed—very extravagant charges; but as the house had an air of comfort and cleanliness, to both of which we had been for some weeks strangers, we felt no inclination to dispute about terms, especially as the amount, though considerable at Napoli, was trifling, according to an English estimate.

Our sitting-room looked over the *place*

or square in which were the barracks, whence, as every officer passed, the guard turned out, and a terrible rolling of drums ensued—these dulcet sounds greeting us almost every five minutes. Our host was a well-informed person, good-looking, and willing to do all in his power to oblige us; his cookery and wines were good, and the beds excellent; in short, our accommodation was scarcely to be surpassed even in England, where everything is, I am John Bull enough to think, better than elsewhere; and I could not but flatter myself that the great resort of the English squadron to Napoli, before the government had been transferred to Athens, was the primary cause of the comfort of the inn, and not without its effect on the prosperity of the town. Our good word, moreover, is not after one night's halt, when hunger and weariness might have prejudiced us in favour of any refuge, but after the experience of three days; and though our bills were

heavy, we could have no reason to complain, for our accommodation was equivalent.

The first day of our stay we devoted to seeing what we could in Napoli itself, and making arrangements for our journey round the Morea, having been recommended to take our horses *all the way* from this place, to save trouble and delay in the little villages at which we might have to rest. Our landlord brought us a man who agreed to furnish us with seven horses, at the rate of five drachmæ each per day, while travelling, and three for every day we might halt, and three drachmæ each for five days' back journey from Pyrgo, a town on the west coast, nearly opposite Zante, whence we purposed to re-embark. We at the same time gave him a sketch of our intended route, fixing, in most cases, the places where we were to rest at night —in others, leaving it to the discretion of the guides, four of whom were to accompany us on foot; the whole journey was

also to be completed in ten days, unless we should be ourselves the cause of any delay. To this document,—for the agreement was committed to writing,—we affixed our signatures, as did the contractor, and it was countersigned by the landlord, that, in case of any mutiny, or ill behaviour of our guides, we might appeal to the chief man of the town, who would compel them to perform their engagement.

The horses were allotted in the following manner:—Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Newton, and myself, had one each, with the luxury of English saddles; our two servants had two others,—they, for the purpose of carrying any small article of luggage, using the pack-saddle of the country,—while the two remaining horses were laden in the following manner:—one with two large baskets slung across, one containing pots and pans, and the other requisites for cookery, basons for washing, &c.; on the opposite

side were plates and knives and forks, portable soup, hams, and whatever we might pick up on our journey in the way of provisions, and on the top of these baskets lay our beds,—by beds, I mean large quilts of woven cotton, stuffed with cotton-wool, in which we rolled ourselves at night, and, stretched upon the floor, slept as soundly as if on beds of down. These quilts are easily procured at any of the larger towns, as Athens, Napoli, and Corinth. The other beast carried a portmanteau, slung on each side in the same fashion as the baskets, while above were placed hat-boxes, carpet-bags, &c., heaped so high, that the horse—'*pars minima ipse sui*'—seemed himself the least part of the pile. such was our cavalcade. Our guides consisted of the leader, Angeli, a good-tempered, middle-aged man, who, besides other good qualities, distinguished himself by his dexterity in throwing a stone, no vain accomplishment in the

Morea, where every hut we passed poured forth troops of ferocious dogs. The next in importance was a young man not more than eighteen; very handsome, good-humoured, and, what is more, extraordinarily cleanly in his person—for a Greek;—we actually saw him wash himself once or twice during the ten days; the other two were more subordinate personages, and chiefly attached to the baggage, so that they did not come within our immediate observation.

Our original intention had been to leave Nauplia on the morning of the 11th of February, visit Tiryns and Mycenæ, sleep at Argos, and proceed next day to Tripolitza; but our host, studying our comfort and his own profit, informed us that we might visit the three former places in a carriage (for Napoli did boast a carriage), and return the same evening to sleep at Napoli, by which arrangement we should pass another comfortable night, and, at the

same time, be as near our next halting place, Tripolitza, as if we had started from Argos. This last assertion was not quite true, as we had afterwards, on our way to Tripolitza, to retrace several miles of the road by which we had returned from Argos, and we eventually found that we had thus lost twelve hours; but the former considerations were irresistible. Nor were we sorry to save ourselves one long day in the saddle, and thereby a portion of fatigue, which, to those who ride only English horses, on English saddles, over English roads, may seem an inconsiderable circumstance for young men to think about; but our experience, small as it was, had taught us, that riding in Greece was a very laborious exercise.

Having passed a great portion of the day in the discussion and arrangement of these plans, we proceeded to visit the Palamede, or fortress of Napoli. The ascent is wearisome, by upwards of five hundred steps,

and these by no means so easy as the idea of the steps of a London hall-door may suggest; most of them formed of thin flat stones, with sharp edges uppermost, which really mangled our feet. The fort is perfectly inaccessible on all sides, save at one point, where it is connected with the range of hills, of which it forms the seaward van, and by which approach the Greeks captured it, by a *coup de main*, during the late war. There are three lines of defence, on which long brass Venetian guns are mounted, of very large calibre; some of them bear the date of 1687, and yet appear, externally, perfectly fit for service. We could not learn the amount of its present garrison, but observed that a careful watch was preserved, even over *us*, sentinels pacing in all directions, as if they feared that we *three* should surprise the fortress.

This rock commands an extensive and beautiful view,—mountains beyond mountains to the north and south, while Tiryns,

Argos, and Mycenæ, (Krabata, as it is now barbarously named,) form an almost immediate foreground, with the Lernæan Marsh a little to the south of Juno's * favoured city.

We could not help congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, in being thus able to admire, within so short an interval, the rival scenes—according to Horace—of classical poetry.

Sunt quibus unum opus est, *intactæ Palladis urbem*
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam:
Plurimus, in *Junonis* honorem,
Aptum dicet equis *Argos*, ditesque *Mycenas*.'
Od. i. 7.

Some praise, alone, Minerva's virgin reign,
Her sacred olive and her sculptur'd fane:
These, others deem that Juno's realm exceeds—
Mycenæ rich, and Argos nurse of steeds.

* It seems that Juno has not neglected Argos even in later years, for I think we may safely attribute to her anger at this city's being slighted in the choice of the capital, the plague of a poisonous *fly*, which, during the last summer, persecuted the Athenian citizens—a mode of vengeance which the story of Io, of gadfly memory, proves to have been familiar with the goddess.

We had, within a few days, seen both, and hardly knew to which to give the preference. Both prospects are delightful. At Athens, art and intellect predominated over the natural features; here the superb natural landscape surpassed the historical interest.

Descending from the citadel, we visited the church of San Spiridion, at the porch of which the President of the Greek Republic, Count Capo d'Istrias, was shot. They show, on the side of the door-way, a mark in the wall made by a bullet, and say it was the same that passed through the Regent's head, and then struck the wall in that place. This was, I believe, almost the last atrocity of the Greek Revolution; but we have little idea in England of the wholesale horrors which had been previously committed on both sides during the struggle; and we were sorry to find that the balance of atrocity seemed to be with the Greeks.

We could find no other than this melancholy object of curiosity in the town, which, considering its neighbourhood, is strangely barren of antiquities. We therefore strolled through the narrow streets, seeking an outlet, and arrived at the harbour, in which there was a good show of country shipping, and the shore was crowded with busy traffickers. There seemed, indeed, an active commercial spirit.

A small island, crowned with an old castle, just at the entrance of the harbour, affords shelter and defence, and is also a striking feature in the landscape. Looking at it as we did, the sea as calm and as bright as a lake on a summer's day, with the mountain scenery on the opposite side of the bay, we might have imagined it a Swiss lake and castle, backed by the snow-capped Alps.

The good people at Napoli were sadly discomposed at the rumour that the king

meant to make Athens the royal residence, as they had hoped that their own town might have been the capital of modern Greece, which hopes, our intelligence of the actual laying the first stone of the new palace completely destroyed.

As it has been determined that Athens is to be the capital, I, of course, conclude that it is the best situation for one; but it struck us, with our partial knowledge of the localities, that had we been called upon to name the seat of government, it would have been neither Athens nor Napoli, but Corinth. The latter town is more central—more adapted for trade with the western world, particularly Italy, with which they chiefly deal, as to both exports and imports; while the narrowness of the isthmus would enable them to carry on the trade of the Levant with almost equal facility. As a defensible point in case of invasion, it is also, I am told, superior. The

Acro-corinthus is as impregnable as any citadel in the world, and Corinth is in a country capable of strong outworks and defences; while it is, I believe, an historical fact that Athens has been taken by every invader who has attempted it, and I hear that it is the opinion of the most experienced English officer in the Greek service, that there is nothing to hinder the march of any force up to the very town, and when there, nothing to prevent their entering, save whatever military force might be present. There are no walls, and the defences of the Acropolis have been removed, and cannot, if the Acropolis is to be restored to its architectural honours, be replaced; and with regard to trade, nothing is actually imported or exported at the Peiræus, but what the city itself consumes, and the very few superfluous products of the barren soil of Athica. A classical enthusiast, or an antiquary, would give his suff-

rage for Athens, but a politician might, I think, have rather voted for Corinth; and the former feelings may probably have influenced in some degree the decision of those persons who fixed upon the most illustrious city of ancient Greece to be the capital of the modern kingdom.

CHAPTER XI.

TIRYNS.—MYCENÆ.—ARGOS.—BALL AT NAPOLI.—LERNÆAN MARSH.—TEGEA.

[11TH AND 12TH FEBRUARY.]

We set forth early this morning on our Argive excursion in the carriage already mentioned, something of the nature of a barouche, but old and clumsy, and much meaner in appearance than the worst London hackney-coach. The mules were wretched, half-starved animals, with a *driver to match;* yet for this affair we paid more than we should have done in western Europe for the hire of a handsome equipage.

Tiryns was our first object; situated close

upon the main road to Argos, and about a mile and half from Napoli. The very remote antiquity of the walls, and their massy construction, struck us very forcibly. Tiryns, however, if we were to judge by what we could trace of its remains, must have been little more than a fort, for a few minutes' walk took us round it, and it seems to be almost in the state in which Pausanias left it.

"On turning to the right (on the way from Argos to Epidaurus) you will see the ruins of Tiryns. The Argives subverted the kingdom of the Tirynthians, wishing to bring the inhabitants into their city, and thereby to aggrandize Argos. The wall is all that is left of the ruins, and is, according to report, the work of the Cyclops. It is built of rough stones, each of which is so large that the least cannot be moved out of its place but by a yoke of mules; but formerly small stones were inserted, that each of these might fit in as much as possible with the great ones."—Paus. Corinth, 25.

This description—which is perfect at this day—gives, I believe, the earliest definition of what is called Cyclopean architecture.

Above this wall, in a ploughed field, is an ancient well; and round some part of the walls, and between their exterior and interior faces—for they are twenty feet thick, as well as 3000 years old—runs a covered way, probably for the communications of the garrison, formed by the stones gradually approaching towards the top, and making a rude gallery. The whole stands about forty feet above the level of the plain, and is completely isolated; about two hundred and twenty-six yards long, by sixty feet at the greatest breadth, with two gateways, one defended by a square tower, built of immense stones. * I must add, to prevent misconception, that these are only *foundations*, but sufficiently distinguishable to satisfy us of the exact force and propriety of Homer's epithet Τίρυνθα τειχιόεσσαν, which Cowper, with all his boasted accuracy, omits wholly, and which Pope pardonably amplifies :—

"Strong Tirynthus' lofty walls."

Our tour in Greece has satisfied me of the importance of *every word* of him, who was the great father of history and topography, as well as of poetry.

After a short visit, which afforded, I own, nothing more interesting than the corroboration of the Homeric epithet—we proceeded onward, passing one or two villages, near which we noticed fragments of white marble; a well or two, and here and there a chapel, until we arrived at Krabata, from which a walk of a few minutes brought us near the walls of Mycenæ, where again Pausanias will be a safer guide than the current traditions, which are often (and I think in this instance particularly) founded on a misconception of his meaning. After stating the destruction of Mycenæ through the envy of the Argives, because the Mycenæans had sent eighty men to Thermopylæ, and had gained a glory which the Argives had forfeited, he proceeds :—

"Some parts of the old enclosure remain, and a gate,

with lions standing on it, and it is said that these were the works of the Cyclops, who made the walls of Tirynthus: amongst these ruins there is a fountain called Persea, and a subterranean habitation of Atreus and his sons, in which they deposited their treasures. There is also a sepulchre of Atreus, and of those who, returning from Troy with Agamemnon, were slain at a banquet by Ægisthus."—*Paus.* Corinth, c. 16.

All this our guides would persuade us that we saw, and some of the objects we certainly did see.

Of the *Gate of Lions* there can be no doubt; but we had many about the cavern, which is now called *both* the Treasury of Atreus and Tomb of Agamemnon. It is entered from the side of the hill, and over it runs a small watercourse, supposed to be supplied from the fountain Persea; the building is like a hollow cone, in diameter forty-eight feet, in height fifty. Over the door is a single stone, twenty-seven feet by sixteen: the only way in which we could imagine that so large a mass could have been placed in its present position, was by shaping it on the upper side of the hill, in which

the excavation is made, and then rolling it down to its intended bed, covering the whole with earth again, and restoring the surface of the slope to its original appearance outside; but as we saw other blocks in the Cyclopean walls both of Mycenæ and Tiryns, which we should have judged to be almost as difficult to raise to their present places, it is possible that this also was raised by some machinery of a similar nature, though more powerful than that employed on them. The cavern, on entering, was pitch dark, but our guide had brought with him some dry brushwood, which he ignited, and thus lighted it up for our inspection. We then perceived a small doorway, leading into another cavern, of a similar character, but smaller: it seems more natural to call this a tomb than a treasury; for, being outside the walls of the city, it would have been easy for an attacking force to ransack it; and, as the use of a treasury to the father must have

preceded its conversion to a tomb for the son, we cannot reconcile the double purpose. But there seems to be in the whole story a radical misconception of the passage in Pausanias, who clearly means that the treasury, and the tomb, (distinct objects,) and the fountain, were all *within* the walls; and he adds expressly, that the tombs of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were 'a little *outside* the walls; they not being deemed worthy of burial *within the walls with Agamemnon and their other victims.*'

Passing on from this, and traversing the watercourse, we saw another similar tomb, which had fallen in. These two excavations may, therefore, be the tombs which Pausanias attributes to Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. They certainly cannot be either the treasury of Atreus or the tomb of Agamemnon, which, according to the ordinary translation of Pausanias' words, must be looked for *within* the city walls. From the second cavern a few minutes

brought us to the *Gate of Lions*. Standing opposite to it, I could hardly believe it possible that it had existed for so many ages, notwithstanding all the combined assaults of war and time. In its immediate neighbourhood the walls are still entire, as well as in many other parts of the city: the lions, which are rampant, resting their fore legs against a low pillar, are, with the exception of their heads, perfect, though in the rudest style of sculpture.

From the spot where we stood the scene was full of interest—we were exceedingly struck by the presence of these Cyclopean monuments—the oldest authenticated work which we had ever seen in any intelligible shape—and their exact accordance with the description of Pausanias — while the ancient and jealous city of Argos, backed with its commanding citadel, seemed still to frown, at the distance of seven or eight miles, on the ruins of its annihilated rivals! There was not a sound to disturb

the extreme solitude of a place, once the wealthy capital of a powerful state;—the conqueror of Troy was dust—his city rubbish; but his name and memory were as fresh as ever. This was the very scene to illustrate the full force of Horace's beautiful allusion,—

> Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
> Urgentur ignotique longa
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
>
> Hor. Od. iv. 9.

> Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
> Reign'd Kings as great as he, and brave,
> Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
> In a small compass of a grave;
> In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
> No bard had they to make all time their own.
>
> *Francis.*

But for the magic of the Grecian muse, the victors and the vanquished would have been lost in oblivion, and their monuments unintelligible ruins. Nor must we forget our obligations to the humbler labours of Pausanias: without such a guide, had

any person stumbled on these mighty remains, the question of what they had been would simply afford matter of vague discussion to the antiquary, without exciting those feelings of historical reality, and that corresponding pleasure, which they now kindle even in the least enthusiastic. The Gate of Lions is choked with rubbish; but I managed, on my hands and knees, to crawl through a narrow opening, along the very spot by which the *King of men* had marched to accomplish the fate of Ilium, and had returned triumphant, only to be the victim of a domestic tragedy, which has for ages interested the feelings of mankind.

Besides this great gateway there is still visible a smaller gate, or postern, more to the north-east. The town was completely commanded by two hills towards the east, and would be untenable in these days of artillery, though the distance of the heights prevented any annoyance from the

arrowy ammunition of ancient times. The walls are of great magnitude and strength, and do credit to their Cyclopean founders. We traversed them, and mounted to the more elevated part of the city,—a kind of citadel,—round which are exterior defences. On one side they stand on a cliff, which runs sheer down some seventy feet, to a stream falling into the Inachus. Here our guides amused themselves by rolling stones down, and listening to the echoes they caused, bounding from crag to crag till the water engulfed them. The commanding hills I have mentioned are on the opposite side of this ravine. The ground in the interior of the walls is strewed, in many places, with fragments of pottery, and we found one piece sufficiently perfect to show that it had been part of a lamp, such as we see in engravings of antiques. Our approach roused some coveys of red partridges, and hares, now the only denizens of Mycenæ, and seldom disturbed by

the foot of a stranger. We passed a pleasing and instructive morning in this extraordinary place, and walking back to our carriage proceeded to Argos, at which we arrived in two hours, having crossed and recrossed the dry bed of the Inachus, and passed the ruins of a bridge.

Our guide might now have addressed us in the very words of Sophocles—

——— νῦν ἐκεῖν' ἔξεστί σοι
Παρόντι λεύσσειν, ὧν πρόθυμος ἦσθ' ἀεί·
Τόδε γὰρ παλαιὸν Ἄργος, κ. τ. λ. ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ.

——— Now may thine eyes
Behold what long has been thy ardent wish,
This is the *ancient Argos;* this the *grove*
Of Io; stung with frenzy, o'er the earth
To wander: the *Lycean forum,* this,
Of the Lycean Phœbus; on the left,
Glorious through Greece, that *stately temple* stands
Sacred to Juno. Now we are advanced
Whence thou *mayest see Mycenæ,* rich in gold,
And this the house of the Pelopidæ
With frequent slaughter staiñ'd.

Potter.

We were on the very spot described by

the poet*, but ruins covered in undistinguishable masses the groves, the agoras, and the temples of the *ancient Argos, and the golden Mycenæ.*

Argos may be shortly described as a straggling modern ruin, covering a great deal of ground with a deserted citadel behind it. There is a theatre larger, but not so perfect as that at Iero; it has seventy rows of seats, and with the additional difference, of a part of it appropriated to the lower classes, like our galleries, for the twenty upper seats are narrower, and by no means so commodious as the rest, at the

* It is generally stated that the scene of the *Electra* is at *Mycenæ*, but surely the lines above quoted designate the immediate neighbourhood of *Argos, within sight* only of Mycenæ. In the course of the drama it appears that the scene was in the Lycean agora, in front of the royal palace, and not far from the tomb of Agamemnon. I know not how to reconcile the opening lines with the idea that the *palace* and the *tomb* were at Mycenæ, seven miles from Argos. Franklin, who places the scene at Mycenæ, cuts short the difficulty by coolly saying, "that Argos and Mycenæ were often *mistaken* by the tragic poets for the same city."

same time separated from them by the backs of the highest tier of box seats, five feet high; thus preventing, in some degree, the intrusion of the spectators above.

With this exception, Argos is an undistinguishable mass of confusion: before the revolutionary war there was little to be remarked; there is now nothing! It was twice or thrice besieged, and in the last contest, in 1825, entirely depopulated and destroyed, so that even the scanty vestiges of antiquity which before existed, are now obliterated by the recent desolation.

Pausanias (Corinth. ch. xx.) says that above the theatre is a temple of Venus; and this was pointed out to us by our guide, though we could not define it very clearly. I cannot, however, but think that Argos—so old and so great a city—would be a rich mine for antiquarian explorers, and we particularly regretted that our arrange-

ments of returning that night to Napoli prevented our examining the Argive Acropolis; but the truth is, that the prospect of mere masses of ruin, unless where previous study has developed their story, and appropriated their remains, is wearisome and profitless, save now and then to an artist. Argos, though celebrated in mythology, is little so in history, and the recollections connected with it produce but a faint enthusiasm, — at least, after the higher excitement of the realities of Athens; and, on the whole, we took our departure, thinking Argos—notwithstanding Virgil's beautiful panegyric—

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos—

the least interesting of any of the places we had yet visited; there being nothing to distinguish it—to superficial travellers like us—but its *name*.

On our return to our hotel at Napoli, we found invitations for an evening party at the English Consul's, which we determined

to accept, that we might obtain even so hasty a glance of the society of Napoli. The hostess, and Mrs. Baker, wife of Colonel Baker, British Commissioner for fixing the boundaries of Greece, were the only English women; the rest were all Greeks, and had among them more pretty faces than we had seen in all Athens. The Helen of the evening was a young Hydriote lady, wife of the nomarch, or mayor, of the city: she was in her country costume, but it being her first appearance in society, she did not dance, as she thought it very improper —indeed, indecent—though she apparently enjoyed looking on at what she was pleased to distinguish by those two epithets.

We were introduced to a Mr. Masson, a Scotch gentleman, who filled, with great credit, the office of Attorney-General of Greece, and had astonished the natives by speaking for two hours in their own language, against Colocotroni, when that *hero* was indicted for conspiracy against the

government, and condemned, though afterwards pardoned. Mr. Masson informed us that all the ladies we had seen, except the beautiful Hydriote, had been educated in Russia. This would, no doubt, be good policy on the part of the Russians; but I do not see how it could have been accomplished. I suppose we misunderstood the phrase, which may have meant, under *Russian influence*, or some such thing. Dr. Clarke says that the young people of Napoli were habitually sent to Athens for education, which is very probable. I suppose it is to some species of Foreign education that we were indebted for their appearance at this assembly, for in general the Greek ladies seem to show something of the shyness and reserve of the Turkish harem.

Mr. Masson was so obliging as to give us letters to present to the different heads of provinces, in case we should be placed in any situation of difficulty; but, as it

happened, we had no occasion for using them, our whole excursion being nearly as devoid of adventure—I mean dangerous adventure—as if we had been rolling along behind four horses on a good English high road.

We left the ball early, as we had to start by daybreak, and had not yet made all the arrangements for our departure.

We had ordered our horses at five o'clock, but, from various delays, could not leave the gates of Napoli before eight. We afterwards learned by experience, that if we wished to start at a particular hour, it was necessary to tell the guides to be at the door at least one hour and a half before the time intended; for the loading of the baggage horses, which with Englishmen would occupy ten minutes at the most, with these good people, who spend more than half their time in debating the different points, occupied at least an hour. We therefore insisted that they should be-

gin their packing before we began breakfast, and by the time we had finished our meal, and the utensils had been washed and packed, the guides had finished loading the first horse: by these means, we generally managed to be off about the intended time; though even these precautions sometimes failed, and our patience was often tried by their absurd dilatoriness. But we left, as I have already said, the gates of Napoli at eight o'clock, and winding round the shores of its lovely bay, passing about five miles from Argos, and by the Lernæan Marsh, where we saw neither Hydra nor Danaides, nor indeed any living thing but a few millers exercising a small trade by the help of two clear and rapid streams, that gush from a neighbouring hill, and run through the Lernæan Marsh to the sea. These mills, which lie exactly on the opposite side of the bay from Napoli, give the name of Mylos (Μύλος, *a mill*) to the village; and

here it was that in June, 1825, the Greeks, under Demetrius Ipsilanti, defeated Ibrahim Pacha in a very severe and important engagement. From this village we turned up into the interior, by the road which Ibrahim had marched down.

Near this—perched like an eyrie on a cliff—stood a castle, now deserted, the work, it is supposed, of the middle ages, when the Franks, and subsequently the Venetians (who seem to have built more than the other invaders), erected small fortresses after their own fashion. There are many of these castles scattered through the Morea, generally designated by the name of *Paleocastri* and *Paleocastrezzi—old camp,* or *old castle;* which was all we were able to learn about them, either from the inhabitants or the guides. At three hours from Napoli we joined the main road, between Argos and Tripolitza, (where, if we had adhered to our first intention, we should have arrived a day earlier,) near a

small barrack, occupied by some soldiers employed in widening and *Macadamizing* the road: in this they have made some progress, and a few months will place it in the traveller's power to proceed from Argos to Tripolitza in a carriage, though, as we shall see, if this were to be the final object, there would be little inducement to travel it: however, it may be expected that the road will be eventually carried from Tripolitza, not only to Sparta on the south, but towards the western coast also, which will open a communication through regions full of antique interest, and as yet very imperfectly known.

Tired with the heat of the day and the long and difficult ascent, neither men nor horses were sorry to halt at a little hovel by the road side, where we refreshed ourselves with the contents of our provision basket; the guides at the same time making for themselves a very nice looking omelet—a luxury, which every now and then during

the journey they indulged in, and which was the only addition to the black bread, garlic and figs, which formed their usual meals, washed down with the wine of the country—a liquor tasting most abominably of resin, and so very unpalatable, that when our own store was exhausted, we could hardly drink it, even when mulled and mixed up with spices and sugar. The resinous taste of all the wine in Greece is attributable to the use of resin, not merely in calking (if I may use the expression) the seams of the skins and casks in which the wine is kept, but also in the original manufacture, for the purpose of preserving it, the mode of making it being so bad that it would otherwise soon spoil. On such fare our guides subsisted through a long and toilsome march, the whole of which—with the occasional exceptions of mounting behind us to ford a river—they performed on foot.

During this halt we arranged, that while

our baggage, horses and servants, with three of the guides, should proceed straight to Tripolitza, where we were to rest that night, we ourselves, with one guide, should accelerate our march and visit the site of the ancient city of Tegea, which lies a little to the left of the direct road to Tripolitza.

We, in consequence, hurried on; and soon after, passing a narrow defile in the mountains, at an elevation of near 3000 feet above Napoli, the plain of Tripolitza opened on our view, bounded by Mænalus and other lofty mountains. Winding along the banks of a small river, which we forded near a village to the right, and making our way over some ploughed land, we arrived at Tegea.

Three villages, Piali, Agio-Sosti, and Episcopi, occupy the site of the ancient city, which must have been of great extent. The latter name is derived, I suppose, from Tegea having been in the middle ages

an episcopal see, suffragan to Corinth. Here is an ancient church, now in ruins; in the walls of which, several broken columns of various orders, friezes and other masses of white marble have been employed; while the wells in the neighbourhood exhibit fragments of sculpture, with which also the ground is strewed. As Christian churches have commonly succeeded to heathen temples, I think there is little doubt that this was the site of one of the latter: the fragments of different orders would lead to a supposition that here may have stood the magnificent temple of Minerva, which Pausanias (viii. 45.) calls the greatest in Peloponnesus, and which, he says, consisted of columns of the three orders—Doric and Corinthian within, and Ionic without. But these fragments are all that we could observe of this once important city, so celebrated in the Peloponnesian annals, and which Pausanias reports to have been crowded with

temples and statues. Tegea was also renowned for the valour of its women, who—when one of the many battles in which the Tegeans conquered the Lacedemonians appeared of doubtful issue—rushed from an ambuscade to the field, and routed the enemy. Hence there was a statue erected to the '*woman-like Mars*,' and the shield of a *widow*, one Marpessa—who led the heroines on that day—was suspended in the great temple of Minerva, even down to the time of Pausanias. Who can tell what secrets of antiquity these fields may conceal?

Distant about two or three hours to the northward, and visible from Tegea, is the site of Mantineia. We can hardly comprehend how on such a narrow space could have been acted that long hostility between these two cities, which brought all Greece into combat on this narrow arena; the Lacedemonians and Athenians taking part with the Mantineians; and the Thebans, Thes-

salians, and Arcadians with the Tegeans. It was in command of the latter forces that Epaminondas was killed in the celebrated battle under the walls of Mantineia.

Had we slept at Argos, instead of returning effeminately in our barouche to Napoli, we might have visited Mantineia without any great deviation, and the scene of the fate of Epaminondas would have had more interest for us than the Lernæan Marsh. It was still indeed near us, but we found it impossible to visit either it or Megalopolis, about fifteen miles on the opposite side of Tripolitza, both of which, had we been better advised, and the weather been more favourable, we could easily have reached.

Evening was now falling fast, and before we arrived at the Turkish capital of the Morea night had come on pitch dark —our guide not too well acquainted with his path—the road a broken causeway over a kind of bog. On one side ran a dark

stream, whose depth the eye could not penetrate, while our tired beasts, by putting their feet into the deep holes made by the removal of the stones of the ruined causeway, stumbled at almost every step; added to this, we knew not how far we were from the town, nor, indeed, I believe, did our guide. In this situation, after a twelve hours' ride, it will be easily believed that we saw the first twinkling lights of the town with great satisfaction. We were unable to define anything but ruins, and were satisfied that the Turkish vizier had done his work effectually, when he determined not to leave a house standing in this once large and populous capital. When the Greeks took Tripolitza in 1822, they had put all the inhabitants to the sword in a most barbarous manner; 8000 male Turks are said to have perished in that slaughter, besides women and children. When Ibrahim Pacha repossessed himself of the evacuated city in 1829, he signalised

his vengeance for such barbarity by destroying *literally* every house it contained, and left it, as we found it, a heap of ruins. After threading through the remains of several dark narrow lanes, we suddenly came upon our baggage, horses, and servants—the latter holding a council of war in what had been the main street. The group was picturesque; some of the few inhabitants giving advice as to our night's habitation; while another party were seated, smoking by a large wood fire on the side of the street; the blaze from the burning wood lighting up the whole scene, and giving the figures a wild and unearthly appearance, more like denizens of Tartarus than of a place upon earth. There was little choice of lodgings, and we were soon settled for the night in a miserable den, in which our sole means of warmth was a small brazier of charcoal. There was, however, no great danger that the exclusion of air from our apartment would be so complete

as to endanger our lives from the fumes. Having satisfied our hunger, we passed the night well wrapped in our quilts, and bid defiance to a violent storm which we heard howling without.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIPOLITZA.—CLIMATE.—SNOW-STORM.—VOURLIA.—EUROTAS.—MISTRA AND SPARTA.

[13TH, 14TH, AND 15TH OF FEBRUARY.]

WHEN we rose next morning (Saturday, 13th of February), the scene that presented itself was dreary in the extreme, and we unanimously pronounced Tripolitza to be the most wretched prospect that any of us—even Mr. Johnstone, who had had an extensive experience of ruins and deserts—had ever yet seen. When we entered the town the preceding night, we had barely light enough to discover that it had been greatly damaged; but we had fancied nothing so miserable as the scene which the morning revealed. There had

been a sharp frost; the ground was covered by a heavy fall of snow, and, in horrible contrast, stood the mouldering walls of houses and churches blackened with fire, and exhibiting the traces of blood and devastation. Over the whole expanse of the surrounding plain there was scarce a tree or shrub to break the monotony of the snowy waste, and a few miserable peasants were seen toiling among the ruins, half frozen with the cold, which they seldom experience in such extremes as they did this winter, none of equal severity having occurred, as we were informed, for upwards of thirty years.

If our friends, whose anxiety for our health had sent us in search of a milder climate, could have seen the miserable place where we had passed the night, and the dreary prospect of the morning, they would, no doubt, have been surprised and alarmed; and even to ourselves, though we had no valetudinarian apprehensions, the prospect

was dismal enough:—to take the road seemed hopeless—but to remain at Tripolitza impossible;—to go back and visit Mantineia was out of the question—the very tombs of the heroes, if ever discernible, were now buried under the snow:—we had, therefore, nothing to do but to endeavour to push on by the direct road to some more tolerable asylum than the *modern ruin* of Tripolitza.

We were now, for the first time, suffering any serious inconvenience from the season in which we were obliged to travel, and even this was only in the loftier regions; while we were consoled by hearing that *summer* travellers had even greater annoyances to complain of, from the extreme heat, and, above all, from flies, musquitoes, and certain familiar insects, which are intolerably troublesome, particularly the latter, which it is impossible to escape, but by carrying tents and sleeping on the green sward. From these attacks the cold

weather protected us—except in a slight degree this night at Tripolitza, where we had a taste of what the plague must be in summer. The best and most enjoyable season for travelling in Greece—as we were unanimously assured by those to whom we happened to speak on the subject—is late in the spring, about the beginning of May. The traveller has then dry and temperate days, with long mornings and evenings, to pursue his journeys or antiquarian researches. The general aspect of the country is at its best—the trees are clothed in their new liveries—the woods are become vocal—the earth is in its freshest green, and the gushing streams, not yet dried up by the heats of summer, gratify all the senses, and afford the still greater pleasure of an occasional bath—a luxury very difficult of attainment at other seasons—in summer from the drought, and in winter from the extreme cold. This is a more important consideration than the inexpe-

rienced may think. I need hardly say, that there is no such thing as an artificial bath in modern Greece; indeed, there is not even so much—except in the great towns—as a wash-hand basin. The difficulty we had in keeping ourselves tolerably clean was very great; for when, as was generally the case, in addition to our own party a large family, many of them females, occupied one small apartment, there was not a possibility of total ablution, though we went as far as decency would permit in Greece, and a great deal farther than it would have permitted in an English cottage.

But we were this day destined to undergo more than these petty inconveniences; and we do not think that any travellers in Greece could make a drearier journey on a worse day than it was now our fortune to perform.

The road at first lay over the plain, by a path in which we followed each other, in what are called *Indian files*—which, by all

the evidence of the localities, must have also been the *Grecian* mode of marching; for we hardly met, throughout the Morea, the vestiges of a road or street in which two armed persons could have walked abreast*.

Leaving the village of Piali and the ruins of Tegea (which we had visited the preceding evening) a little to the left, and a lake on our right, we began a fresh ascent. While we were in the plain the sun had shone, with a wintry face indeed, but still sufficiently to shed a little cheerfulness around; but as we topped the first hill he bade us farewell for the day, which had every appearance of terminating unfavourably.

At the distance of about four hours from Tripolitza, we arrived at a *resting place,*

* The main incident of the Œdipean story was occasioned by the narrowness of the high road, between Thebes and Delphi. *Even* at a spot where three roads met, Œdipus, a single foot-passenger, was forced out of the way—ἐξ ὁδοῦ—by the car of Laius.—*Soph.* Œd. Tyr. 804.

having crossed and recrossed a stream (whose direction we followed) upwards of forty times, during which I underwent the discomfort of having one of the guides mounted behind me, redolent with garlic and multitudinous bad smells, it being impossible for him to walk, the river alone dividing two hills precipitous to the water's edge. This, I believe, is very appropriately called the *Pass of Potamo*—the *river Pass*. The name of the *resting place* we either did not inquire, or have forgotten in the vexation which it occasioned us. It was a hovel worse than the poorest of those Irish huts which so much surprise English travellers. Our guides had informed us that it was a *buona locanda*—a good inn—and pressed us to halt there for the night, pointing out the thick and stormy appearance of the sky, which boded a heavy fall of snow.

We did not like the first glimpse of the place, but, that we might not be thought

obstinate, dismounted to make a nearer survey; but the abominable odor which met us at the door prevented our even entering for that purpose. As much of the dark interior as the eye could penetrate, presented a confused mass of children, pigs, poultry, oil-jars, skins, strings of onions, and figs, with all the filth and smells concomitant with such a congregation of matter. We positively refused to remain here for the night, while our guides as positively refused to proceed, and there was every probability of a serious disagreement at this early stage of our journey. Determined, however, not to yield, both because the place was really intolerable, and because we feared that if we now submitted to our guides, we should not easily become our own masters again, we *three* mounted and proceeded on the path, ordering the guides to follow with our servants, under the vague penalty that "*they* would, if they did not, be the sufferers;" though the

truth was, that *we* should have been the real sufferers, in case of their disobedience. We had pursued our unattended course hardly an hour before the prophecies of our guides were accomplished, and we were overtaken by a most violent storm of wind and snow—the latter driven in our faces with such force that we were not able to advance against it, and we really had no alternative but to turn our backs and sit it out. In addition to this discomfort, we were uncertain whether we were in the right road, the guides having not yet made their appearance, which we indulged a hope that they would do, although they had, when we left them, expressed their determination of remaining at the *buona locanda*, which, no doubt, appeared so to them, and which even we began to think might have been better than our present position. Not a house or hovel of any description was to be seen, and the ground was so completely saturated with previous rain, and the pre-

sent sleet and snow, that our horses sunk far above their fetlocks in the mud at each step. Our feelings were at this moment by no means the most pleasurable: we did not speak, but sat in the pelting storm, ruminating on the chances of where we might that night rest, and thinking, with something like bitterness, of Dr. Clarke's celebrated assertion, that "it was as easy to travel through the Morea as in Derbyshire." He had never tried it! At last the storm ceased, and sooner than we expected, and we again urged on our jaded beasts, till, reaching the top of one of the hills, we anxiously through our glasses looked back to see if we could catch any glimpse of our retinue in the winding of the road. After a long survey, when almost giving way to despair, we descried some figures which we sanguinely resolved could be no other than *they*, some miles off, but following our path: this revived our spirits, and we again pushed on. Dur-

ing all this time our road was, without exception, the worst that it is possible to conceive—over quagmires—through rivers —by the edge of precipices, and up mountain torrents. Along the bed of one of these we toiled for upwards of an hour, over large loose stones, constantly giving way under the horses' feet, and rolling down upon the following traveller.

But if we had been unprepared for this severity of weather and local desolation, we were equally surprised by the quick vicissitudes of climate and scene which we experienced. We had been scrambling through this wintry wild, up the *north* side of the mountain, but when we had surmounted the pass, and had descended a little on the other side, we found ourselves in a comparative paradise, and in the temperature of an English spring. The country was beautiful, though uninhabited, and the road gradually improved. Here, as night and darkness were approaching, we dis-

mounted to wait the arrival of our followers, and to give our horses liberty to refresh themselves, by cropping the grass and shrubs: when after an hour the guides overtook us, we discovered that one of them, still sturdy and contumacious, had allowed the others to proceed without him, keeping his own baggage-horse, which carried our beds, and portmanteaus, in which were stowed all our worldly riches: about their safety we were rather uncomfortable; but the arrival of the rest had raised our spirits, and, promising the men a *buona mano* on arrival, we went on merrily, and at nine—thirteen hours from leaving our last *hotel*—arrived at the Khan of Vourlia, a distance, by the map, of about thirty miles, but to our feelings three times the distance. Vourlia is about three hours' distant from Mistra, which is discoverable from it.

Our cares were almost forgotten in the enjoyment of a blazing fire, and the prospect of a good dinner, though the unpleas-

ing remembrance of lost beds and treasure would at times flit across our thoughts, when—

> From without
> A mighty shout

startled us, and one of the guides rushed in to announce that 'the *horse* had come, but not the *Greek*.'—'Hang the Greek!' we thought; 'it is his own fault, and he will no doubt soon make his appearance in good season.' The horse had brought us all we cared about. We were, however, unconsciously under obligations to the Greek for not leaving the shelter they had proposed for us, before the snow-storm was over: our beds were quite dry, which they would not otherwise have been, and as the delinquent himself soon made his appearance and apology, all ended well.

When announcing the arrival of the lingerers, we observed that the speaker, talking of his countryman, said the '*Greek* had not come,' instead of using the more

common colloquial term, the *man*, or the *guide;* and this peculiarity I had noticed several times before, when one Greek was speaking of another—as we should when talking in contradistinction of brutes and men;—it is perhaps a remnant of their old habit of considering all the rest of mankind as *barbarians*.

The Khan of Vourlia was a palace compared to the *buona locanda*, and some estimate of both, as well as of the kind of accommodation the traveller meets in these parts, may be formed from the vignette in the title-page—a sketch which Mr. Newton made of our apartment and avocations this evening. I, with the assistance of Demetri, one of the servants, am employed in cooking—Mr. Newton is beating up eggs, which, mixed with a little hot water, forms our substitute for milk—and Mr. Johnstone is preparing our portable soup for the pot; while another servant is spreading an oil-skin table-cloth—

a most useful article of luxury with which Mr. Johnstone had provided himself. The open door admits one of the guides, bringing in some fire-wood and a hen, which has just been slaughtered for our use, and it shows in the distance Mount Taÿgetus, covered with snow.

It will be seen that we contrived, on this occasion, to find something like stools to sit on; but, in general, we suffered more inconvenience than I could well have believed, from the want of raised seats; and I should advise a traveller to provide himself with a camp, or folding-stool, which can be easily carried: indeed, unless he has attained, by longer practice than ordinary travellers are likely to have, the supple inflexions of eastern nations, and can squat on his hams like a Mussulman or a tailor, a raised seat is almost indispensable. Mr. Johnstone had some oriental experience, but Mr. Newton and I, being altogether unused to the sartorial position,

could not bend our limbs into the proper position, and, after one or two ineffectual attempts, gave it up in despair, and stretching ourselves at length on our quilts, and resting on one arm, fed ourselves with the other—a most inconvenient operation: how the ancients managed to enjoy their luxurious banquets in this position, I can as little conceive as poor Mr. Pallett in Peregrine Pickle.

Sunday, 14th February. Vourlia itself is prettily situated, and commands a beautiful prospect over the cultivated plain, through which the Eurotas—*Iri* is the present name of the classic stream of Diana—meanders, encircling (a dozen miles lower down) the site of the ancient Sparta —while beyond appear, in snowy sublimity, the mountain-range and pinnacles of Taÿgetus, under which, rising in terraces, on an insulated rock, stands, or rather stood, the town of Mistra.

Before we reached Mistra we crossed

the Eurotas by a singularly lofty bridge of one arch, and passed the remains of a Roman aqueduct, built about the time of Antoninus, and probably by that great benefactor to the Morea, and to Sparta in particular. On the outskirts of the town we were overtaken by violent rain, which drove us hastily to our quarters, and confined us during the remainder of the day: this was no great loss, for the upper town is quite deserted, the Acropolis is in ruins, and neither contains any object of antiquarian interest. The Greek Papas is the chief receiver of visitors, though his accommodation is not extensive: we had his only spare room—just large enough for three to lie down, and this 'served us for parlour and bed-room and all.' He had better rooms, but they were now hired by the government for the public business. The old gentleman was very civil, and content with the gratuity we gave him when we took our leave.

I had all along been entrusted with the culinary department, and had generally the good fortune to meet the approbation of my companions, but this day I was supposed to have excelled myself, in manufacturing some hare-soup, which, though somewhat of the same hue, was, I flatter myself, far more palatable than any Spartan broth ever made on the same spot, and my friends—too partial to my humble merits—assured me that it was as good as Ude himself, or any other professor of the noble science of gastronomy, could have produced. While I was busy in these household concerns my companions entered into conversation with the Papas, chiefly on the subject of the Greek Church. A fine strapping young fellow came in, bearing a strong family likeness to the priest, and on rallying the Papas about it, he said that no one could take priest's orders till he was *thirty* years of age, and if he married before that time, he might retain his wife. They

baptize on the eighth day, by immersion —confess—adopt the seven sacraments—believe in transubstantiation, but differ from the Roman Church, in administering the sacrament in both kinds, in not elevating the Host as an object of worship, and in rejecting the *Filioque* *, and the notion of purgatory. The old gentleman's ideas about transubstantiation and purgatory seemed gloriously confused. They have, like the Romanists, I think, a saint for every day in the year. In the course of the evening, we had several other visitors besides our host, who came to have a peep at the strangers, but they all formed, by their politeness and good manners, a striking contrast to what a stranger would have experienced in the remote villages of Cornwall a few years ago; and as soon as they perceived that we wished it, they retired, and left us to our repose.

* That is, that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father *only*, and not from the Father *and* the Son.

Next morning (*Monday*, 15*th February*,) broke, like the day before, with a storm of rain and sleet, which was, no doubt, heavy snow on the mountains, and we congratulated ourselves that we had not stopped at the *buona locanda*, where, from the weather we had subsequently experienced, we concluded that we should have been snowed up for several days. About mid-day, however, the sky cleared and the sun shone, and we sallied forth to visit the ruins of Sparta, distant about three miles south-east from Mistra, the path leading through groves of mulberry, olive, and orange trees, the latter still laden with their golden fruit.

Thucydides says *, that in future days, if Sparta and Athens should be destroyed, the latter would, from the superior magnificence of its ruins, be supposed to have been the greater state of the two, implying

* Thucydides, I. chap. x.

that Sparta was the greater when the historian wrote. No prophecy can be more true; a careless traveller, ignorant of the localities, would pass over the ancient site of Lacedemon without knowing or suspecting that a city had ever stood there: the lands are cultivated—*seges ubi Sparta*—and on one side of a ploughed hill is excavated the theatre, which, with the foundations of a small temple, called the *Tomb of Leonidas*, form the whole visible vestiges of Sparta.

But even these remains did not belong to the Sparta of Menelaus, of Leonidas, of Greece, but to the modern Roman town, which has also disappeared in the lapse of ages, without leaving any vestiges except of the two edifices I have mentioned, which were, in all probability, works of the time of Antoninus Pius, in honour of whom, as 'Preserver of the City,' several fragments and inscriptions have been occasionally ploughed up.

The Eurotas alone remains, the natural

From a drawing by F.W. Newton, Esq.re

Day & Haghe Lith.rs to the King

MISTRA & TAYGETUS, FROM THE RUINS OF SPARTA.

defence which enabled that haughty Lacedemonian city to boast that 'they had no necessity for other walls than the breasts of her citizens:'—this still meanders through the fertile plains, tilled no longer by the Helots, but by the fierce and turbulent Mainiotes, who come down during spring and summer from their mountain abodes for that purpose, and who pay, as we were told, a very reluctant obedience to the laws of regenerate Greece, waiting only for a favourable occasion to resume their ancient predatory system of life. Strong measures have been taken against them, and travelling is now tolerably safe; but as long as the present generation exists they will hardly be restrained, if any commotion take place, from returning to their old habits, which were corroborated and increased during the anarchy of the war of independence. We saw but few of the race, as they retire to the mountains during the winter season, the plain being con-

sidered unwholesome, and only reappear when the approach of spring recalls them to their agricultural pursuits.

It is the intention of the present government to rebuild this ancient capital of Laconia, (indeed some of the public buildings are already in progress,) and to make it the chief city of the province; but the plans which have been sent from the capital for the intended town do not meet with approbation, as the houses must be all built flush with the street, as in European towns, while the inhabitants declare that it will be impossible for them to live without their court-yards and large balconies in front, and in consequence, no foundations of private houses have yet been laid.

All the people of Mistra had a pallid look, and many that we saw complained of colds and affection of the lungs. One of our servants was attacked by a kind of ague, for which the place is notorious, and we were forced to leave him behind for a

few days' rest, but he overtook us by taking the direct road to Andritzena, while we made several detours in the indulgence of our antiquarian curiosity.

This being the week before Lent*, in which, as well as the succeeding six, no meat is allowed by the Greek Church to be eaten, we found ourselves in great danger of being compelled to keep fast, without the consolatory reflection that we were fulfilling a duty. We therefore began to take precautions against such an involuntary observance of the Greek ritual. Returning from our excursion to Sparta, we met a shepherd driving a flock of lambs, and stopping him, desired our guide to enter into a treaty for the purchase of two: he succeeded in getting them for the sum of two drachma, that is about ninepence each: it must not, however, be supposed that

* It must be observed all through, that the Greeks follow the *old style*, and that their dates differed from ours by eleven days.

lambs are always as cheap as this; indeed we found all species of eatables rather dear; but it is probable that the shepherd had a dismal foreboding, that unless he could sell his lambs before the close of the day, the next night's frost might leave him few to dispose of, as many had been already killed by the continued cold. We afterwards heard that this bad weather, and consequent mortality among the sheep, had extended all over Greece. In Negropont, one or two landlords, whose chief wealth lay in their flocks, lost every one of their lambs, and were nearly ruined.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOUNTAIN JOURNEY.—LONDARI.—SAKONA.—MOUNT ITHOME.

[16TH AND 17TH OF FEBRUARY.]

OUR intention had been to proceed from Mistra to Calamata on the Gulf of Coron, by a pass which exists across the ridge of Taÿgetus, and thence on to Messene; but we were informed from all quarters that this track, difficult and even dangerous in the best season, was now utterly impracticable. We were therefore obliged to proceed to Londari, whence, by the passes near the sources of the Alpheus and Eurotas, we should *turn*, to use a military phrase, the range of Taÿgetus, and descend into the Messenian Plain. This,

though a very great circuit, was the only road way by which the mountains could now be passed.

I may here observe, that until I had visited Greece, I never had any very distinct idea of the small extent of the most celebrated states, and of the *natural* causes which kept them divided into so many independent communities. It seems, in fact, that each state was composed of a kind of valley, separated from its neighbours by natural barriers of sea or mountains, which rendered the communications, either of war or amity, very difficult and circuitous, and maintained the spirit of separation and nationality between the several states. It took the powerful state of Sparta three hundred years finally to subdue the Messenians, which can only be accounted for by the difficulties of the intermediate country. In proceeding from Mistra to Messene, we were obliged to perform nearly double the direct distance

between the two places, and through a country almost impracticable.

. The morning was fine, and we were in our saddles before eight o'clock, and retraced our steps back to the lofty bridge I have already mentioned over the Eurotas; but instead of recrossing it, we continued for some time along the right bank of the river, noticing in places that the bank was preserved from falling in by a strong facing of stone, apparently ancient, though we could form no idea of the date of its erection. Shortly after leaving the banks of the river, we passed through a farm in a higher state of cultivation than any we had yet seen: great apparent care had been bestowed on the mulberry-trees, and everything bore the mark of industry—we met also one or two peasants in whose caps appeared a silver regal crown, the badge showing that they served the state. On inquiry we found that the lands which had

attracted our notice were the property of the government.

It was a cold day, and I had dismounted to warm myself by a walk, when, as I was picking my steps very daintily over a small stream, in the bed of which some large stones had been placed to assist the transit of the foot traveller, one of the baggage-horses, which was close behind, by a sudden rush, deprived me of my narrow footway, and forced me into the water;—this was not comfortable, but as the culprit was luckily the luggage-horse, I soon provided myself with dry things. I mention this trifling incident as a warning to travellers in such country not to precede their horses, or at least to have their eyes about them: there were a hundred spots in the course of our tour where the being overset in this manner would have been certain destruction.

This day was the coldest we had expe-

rienced, and on reaching the summit of a hill, where a wide plain covered with snow opened upon us, the guides showed some hesitation as to the possibility of proceeding; but as we were resolute, they consented to advance, and here we saw something like the instinct that guides the American savage through his woods and morasses,—for though there was not a single mark to guide him on his path, at least none visible to us, Angeli, the chief of our attendants, advanced a few steps, and after a moment's, and only a moment's hesitation, marched boldly forward, bidding us follow, which we did implicitly, without at all seeing where we were to go. On he went, nearly up to his knees in snow at every step; and after a tiresome march of an hour, we again arrived at a place where the snow had thawed, and the path was once more discernible. We asked him if he had ever been on this route before, and were surprised to hear that he had not;

but he must have had much practice amongst snow, to deal with it so resolutely and skilfully as he did on this occasion.

After this a fresh difficulty arose,—the path on the side of a precipice, similar to many we had already traversed, was dissimilar in one serious circumstance—the rain had in several places caused the ground which formed the trifling thread, scarcely broader than Mirza's bridge, on which we rode, to give way in several places. These *we* crossed with trepidation, and looked back to see how the baggage-horses would manage it; and here again the guides succeeded in getting them over, by themselves supporting the weight on the beast's back, while he was, as it might be said, in mid-air. If a false step had been made, the descent into the torrent below would have been probably fatal to either man or beast; or, if life should be preserved, the bruises inevitable from such a fall, and the chance of drowning at the bottom, must have

been very serious. The country is, indeed, exceedingly wild, being, in fact, nothing but a ridge of mountains, a continuation of Taÿgetus, which, from their great height, are frequently covered with snow, and supply the sources of the Eurotas, which flows from their eastern side, and of the Pamisus and Alpheus to the west.

This range is connected with that which we before passed above Vourlia, and another which we shall have still to cross on our return from Messene.

We saw in this day's journey some fine specimens of the Moreote shepherd-dogs, about the size and shape of a Newfoundland dog, but with very much the disposition of a wolf: three or four are attached to each flock, and no sooner does a wayfarer appear than a general attack is commenced by them, their masters looking on with complete apathy, or rather approbation: luckily they are not very adventur-

ous, and even the pretence of throwing a stone, a retaliation to which they are well accustomed, is sufficient, in general, to keep them at bay, till you have passed their *beat;* but at times this mode of mock defence is unsuccessful, as we found to-day, for in passing the before-mentioned farm, the dogs, as many in number as seven or eight, advanced, like a pack of hungry wolves, near enough to bite the horses' heels, until the guides coming up, gave them the stern reality of a shower of stones, and compelled them to a hasty and howling retreat,—one wretched animal received a blow which must have maimed him for life, and prevented a renewal of his tricks upon travellers; he lay down and howled in a most distressing manner, and although he was the unprovoked aggressor, we could not but feel something like sorrow for the poor beast.

We had been assured at Mistra that nine

hours would take us to Londari; but we had already ridden ten, and were not in sight of our destination. We were high in the mountains, up which we had toiled ever since we had left the banks of the Eurotas; and arriving almost at nightfall on one side of a high ridge that overlooked a great extent of plain, we were grievously disappointed at not being able so much as to see the town in search of which all eyes were anxiously directed. But suddenly, on turning sharp round a prominent point of the hill, we were agreeably surprised to see the village close at hand, perched on the other side of the ridge on which we had been travelling, and which we had not expected to find in so lofty a situation.

Tired, wet, and cold, we gave a shout of exultation at the agreeable surprise, and trotted on with lighter hearts. On reaching the village, we were glad to see that

two or three houses bore the exterior marks of comfort; they were each two stories high, and with glazed windows: but on entering, great was our disappointment; the walls were damp from the newness of the mortar, while the tiles of the roof did not join close enough to keep out the rain; and, worst of all, there was no fire-place in any of them: we tried all, and all were alike: at last we took refuge, as we had done the night before, with the Papas of the village, not that his dwelling was better than the others, but a good fire in the centre of his den was an irresistible attraction. His family disappeared, and we reigned alone. The cold was extreme: notwithstanding a fire kept up the whole night,—round and almost *in* which we lay wrapped in our quilts—the water in a jug not two yards from us was frozen hard. The cold, at one time, luckily awoke me, for getting up to revive the fire, I perceived

that a spark had fallen on my cotton coverlid, which was already smouldering to a great extent; yet this hint was not sufficient to make me give the fire a wider berth, and, if possible, I hugged the danger still closer. Wretched as our accommodation had been, the Papas was not satisfied the next morning with the same amount of douceur we had given elsewhere, and pressed for more, which we at first refused, but afterwards contributed another drachma;—whether in gratitude for this or (if he knew our feelings) to punish us for our illiberality, he bestowed on us, at parting, a very close and unpleasant embrace. His breath savoured most abominably of garlic, while his thick, grizzled, and matted beard, and dirty face, were by no means agreeable, when brought into close contact with our cheeks. I was the first victim; but being taken by surprise, I had not the pain of anticipation, while my compa-

nions afforded me much amusement by their ineffectual manœuvres and attempts at escape: the old man stood at the door, so that they could not make their exit without passing him. The guides told us afterwards that he had asked them to represent his poverty to us, and to recommend us to give him four or five dollars; so that he must have been disappointed at receiving only one.

It may seem somewhat hard-hearted, as it certainly is irksome, to practise such petty economy; but it must be recollected that in this, as in more civilized countries, any deviation from the usual rates is certain to produce a great deal of accumulated imposition, and finally to involve the too easy traveller in a variety of annoyances —dissatisfaction to others, and vexation to himself.

Londari, which is said to be the ancient Leuctra, differed from most of the other

towns we visited, in being situated at the top of a hill, commanding a narrow pass. It bore marks of having been occupied as a post of defence during the late war: the walls of the different buildings, immediately on the entrance of the gorge, were all perforated with loop-holes for musketry; and it was this position that Colocotroni—so shamefully, as his enemies say—abandoned on the approach of the Turkish army, when he had an opportunity of making it a second Thermopylæ, and himself a Leonidas, instead of leaving, as his retreat did, Tripolitza entirely at the mercy of the enemy.

We were again at no great distance from Megalopolis; but even had its attractions been greater than by all accounts they were, it would have been nearly impossible to have reached it at this season across these Alpine wastes.

From Mistra to Londari we had proceeded in an almost northerly direction;

but now, doubling the mountains, we were to follow a southerly course, to gain Messene.

The severity of the night's frost had rendered the roads very dangerous, especially as the path was steep; yet the horses preserved their footing in a most miraculous manner, though their shoes were merely single thin plates of iron covering the whole hoof; yet thus shod they carried us over places where we could with difficulty have maintained our own footing. The road was a continued descent for four hours, through a vast forest, chiefly of oak. About half-way down stands a house, or station for a few military, who demanded and inspected our passports, before we were allowed to proceed. As we continued our descent, the change in temperature was very marked and agreeable, till at length, on arriving at the Khan of Sakona, at the bottom of the mountain, the heat be-

came quite oppressive. Messene, or rather Mount Ithome, was in sight at first starting, distant, as was computed, about thirty miles; but on the maps it is barely twenty. It rises like a cone from the plain, with the sea, the gulfs of Modon and Navarino*, behind it. The Khan of Sakona is at the nearest extremity of the plain, which is about ten miles across: here we baited and the guides dined. While we were admiring the magnificent prospect before us, some women passed us laden with heavy burdens, which bent them almost to the ground, while the men who accompanied them were not taking any share in the labour. This we had observed in several places, not without indignation at the want of gallantry in the latter. A few

* Navarino is the ancient kingdom of Nestor. Its etymology has given the moderns some trouble; but I think the modern name is to be traced in Homer. He calls the territory of Nestor, Pylos and *Arene*. Il. ii. 591. The latter, with the addition of *ναῦς*, *a ship*, makes naturally the name of the harbour of Navarino.

pieces of money given to the poor women, with some of our bread and figs, quite surprised them, and they seemed hardly to believe their senses, at such unusual notice and attention bestowed upon them; the men really appeared to think and care less about them than their horses and mules.

The march over the plain was tiresome, till, at the end of three hours, after crossing a curious triangular bridge, over two confluents of the Pamisus, somewhat in the style of that at Crowland, in Lincolnshire, we got into a prettier country. On the banks of another of the tributary streams of the Pamisus we suddenly came upon a wild-looking roving party, armed to the teeth, of whose profession we were ignorant, and we could not but entertain strong doubts as to the safety both of our purses and persons. We were glad to discover that they were in pursuit of the very class of marauders, to which we, at first sight, had supposed them to belong, and we

continued our route with an additional feeling of security.

We soon after commenced the ascent of Mount Ithome, which is very steep and difficult, though highly beautiful, the trees and shrubs arching over the path, much to the damage of our clothes and faces. The plane-trees were remarkably fine—their giant arms stretching out horizontally about six feet above the ground, and frequently as large as the trunks of the trees themselves. They are said in some parts of Greece to spread so enormously, that proprietors have entertained their tenants to the number of two hundred under the shade of one: this, we were told, took place a few years ago on Mr. Noel's estate in Negropont. I can easily believe it, after seeing the prodigious specimens that fell under our own observation, many of which would have afforded similar accommodation to nearly that number.

On the right of our path, but with

several intervening valleys and hills, crowning a lofty eminence, frowned the ruins of one of the castles—*Paleocastris*—which still remain in various parts of the country, relics, as I have already said, of the Middle Ages.

CHAPTER XIV.

MESSENE.—ITS EARLY HISTORY.—ARCADIA.—MOUNT LYCÆUS.—TRAGOGE.

[17TH AND 18TH FEBRUARY.]

WE now came in sight of Messene, a city which, though inferior in classical associations to Athens, Argos, and Sparta, has yet a very peculiar historical interest. Its war with Sparta is the chief event in the annals of Greece, between the return of the Heraclidæ and the invasion of the Persians; and though its story had not the advantage of being celebrated by the Epic or Tragic Muse, I cannot quite say, "*they had no poet and they died*," because Pausanias has preserved from oblivion the tragedy of the

family of the Æpytidæ *, more interesting, because more natural and more real than that of the Pelopidæ. But what is the fame conferred by the sober relations of Pausanias on the nameless daughters of Lysiscus and Aristodemus to the splendour with which Sophocles and Euripides have invested the names of Iphigeneia and Antigone?

It seems doubtful whether the *city* before us was ever properly called *Messene*,—a name which rather belonged to the *region* only—the city being called Ithome, from the citadel under which it was built. It seems that originally all the towns in this part of Greece were merely walled enclosures, formed under the protection of some fort, or acropolis, where the inhabitants of the country, with their flocks and herds, were in the habit of seeking temporary

* See the very curious account of the first Messenian war, copied from Pausanias into all the histories of Greece.

shelter from hostile incursions. Such, Pausanias says, was the origin of Ithome, built during the first Messenian war; and although the present remains are—to a great extent, if not altogether—of a much later age, yet there seems reason to suppose that they were erected on the ancient plan, if not on the old foundations. Pausanias says, that after the first Messenian war, the Lacedemonians levelled Ithome to the ground; τὴν Ἰθώμην καθεῖλον ἐς ἔδαφος. *Mess.* 13. And we know that it was rebuilt some centuries after, under the advice and direction of Epaminondas, on the same principle which guided him in the construction of Megalopolis, which we were informed exhibits the same style of fortification as Messene. These walls form a large enclosure, destined to receive not merely the citizens of Ithome, but the whole Messenian neighbourhood; and it is clear, from the remains scattered over the space which these walls enclose, that what could be called the *town*, must have

occupied but a small portion of the interior, the rest affording an occasional asylum to the rural population.

We dismounted at a gateway, formed of immense blocks of stone most beautifully fitted, and opening into a circular court, with towers on either side. We had not yet seen any similar form of gate, nor any military masonry so exact. The impost or architrave of the inner gate has been thrown down; it is nineteen feet long, and resting with one end on the ground, it gives a grand idea of the magnificence of the original works. These consisted of a wall or rampart, with square towers at certain intervals, very like the fortifications of the Middle Ages in western Europe. The towers were at least two stories high; the story above the rampart was entered from the side, and had loop-holes for the archers. There were originally at least thirty of these towers; nine were standing a few years since, and *seven* may be still counted

rising above the level of the walls, and in some both stories remain; but on the southern, or seaward side, the foundations only of the walls now exist.

While we forced our way through tangled brushwood, and over broken pillars, a tinge of melancholy was mingled with our pleasure. Our fancies had full scope to repeople the ruined town, for not a sound broke the solemn stillness of the air, nor was another human being visible. We stood by a Greek church on an eminence in the valley—perhaps the remains of the temple of Apollo, which was so sacred, that it was said, on one occasion, to have deterred the Spartans from storming the lower town, lest they should be guilty of the profanation of so holy a place.

In the walls of this chapel had been built up several pillars, and stones bearing inscriptions; a fine Doric capital formed the altar, and all our respect for the use to which this fragment was applied could

not mitigate our sorrow for the destruction of the edifice to which it belonged. Perhaps some future antiquaries may discover amongst the inscriptions the names of the victim daughters of Lysiscus and Aristodemus, and of the youth who was driven to the hard alternative of sullying the *fame*, to save the *life* of his betrothed. In this remote place, where there was little temptation to pound the marble for lime,—which has never been exposed to explosion of gunpowder,—where no dilettanti have plundered,—and where, in short, none of the ordinary means of destruction have been at work,—it may be hoped that the surface of the earth may still cover and preserve a large store of such antiquities as we may suppose a provincial capital to have contained.

The evening was lovely—and the prospect of the surrounding mountains and the distant sea magnificent;—but from this spot, that stern enemy to romance and

poetry, downright vulgar hunger, called us away, and a few steps brought us within sight of the village perched half-way up the mountain, by name Mavromati, which some books give as the modern name of the city of Messene. Here some patriarchs of the hamlet, seated on the ground, were discussing our arrival, and civilly pointed out the place at which the servants had fixed our abode for the night.

Mavromati afforded us much the same accommodation that we met with elsewhere; fowls, black bread, and eggs, in the way of food, and the earthen floor for our hearth and couch.

We had now reached the farthest point of our journey, and may henceforth be considered as working our way homeward. At this season of the year the mountainous districts of Maina were inaccessible, and although the shores of the bay of Coron may be very picturesque, there were no objects to the southward of Ithome suf-

ficiently interesting to induce us to risk, by any further *détour*, the loss of our passage in the next steam-packet, though, as it turned out, we might safely have done so.

On the morning, therefore, of Saturday, the 20th of February, we started at our usual hour from Mavromati: passing over a mill-stream which supplied the ancient enclosure with water, and through the ancient gate, we descended Mount Ithome, and, recrossing the three-armed bridge, bent our steps northwards.

We now began to ascend the range of Mount Lycæus, the "Saltus Lycæi," the woody patrimony of Pan: and near a little village, named Constantino—not at the moment thinking that we were on the territory of the inventor of the Shepherd's pipe, we were suddenly arrested by the notes of that instrument, far up the side of the mountain. The sounds fell pleasantly upon the ear, but had a still more agreeable effect, when it reminded us that

we were in Arcady. Shepherds' pipes and garlanded crooks I had hitherto thought of as the mere official appurtenances of a pastoral poem, and the rustic's answer to the sentimental lady's inquiry "where his pipe was?"—"that he had left it at home, 'cause he had no baccy," seemed very natural and probable; but here in Arcadia, on the very territory of Pan himself, we heard and saw the pipes and crooks actually in use, after a fashion that would not have disfigured the Strephon and Chloe of a fancy ball.

We should not have thought it necessary to have prayed the deity to treat us as well, on his own mountain, as he did Horace's kids on Lucretilis.

Faunus et igneam
Defendit æstatem Capelles
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.

Pan the noxious force restrains
Of scorching heats and stormy rains.

But we found that he might be very rea-

sonably invoked, even in these his native seats, against opposite vicissitudes of weather; for we this day suffered another complete change in the temperature. After ascending for two hours on the south and sunny side of a mountain, and finding it inconveniently warm, we suddenly encountered at the top—not, indeed, "*stormy rains*," — but worse — a waste of snow. Our guides, who were, I presume, prepared for wind or rain, were now completely at fault, the track being utterly lost. They, however, made the welkin ring with their shouts, to find if any one was within hearing, and, after a few trials, were answered by a voice from some distance, which set them right, but without our having a glimpse of the informer's person; — his direction guided us to a village in one of the wildest spots imaginable. We were obliged to halt when within sight of and not fifty yards' distance from the village, which our invisible informant had in-

dicated, until we could get some one to show us how to reach it,—the natural difficulties of the ground, with the superincumbent mass of snow, rendered it, without such aid, impossible to advance; and when we had reached the houses, the scene, so wild, so black, so horrible—a deep glen, with lofty mountains nearly shutting out the gloomy sky above—was magnificently dreary. The valley below us was that of the Neda, which we had been told was beautiful: it might be so in summer, but certainly, at this time, Nature had here put on her sternest aspect.

The village seemed completely excluded from the world; and after a short halt, we pushed on without regret for Tragoge, having hired a local guide to conduct us to some more intelligible region.

The road (a word which since Tripolitza must be understood never to mean more than a mountain-path, and sometimes even less) was well suited to the scene: the

horses struggled with difficulty through the heavy clay and moving stones, while the tangled branches of the ilex and holly tore our faces and clothes, and compelled us to embrace our horses' necks most lovingly. We descended to the Neda, crossed it at a ford, and dismissing the Arcadian swain, again ascended till we reached Tragoge. The rain, which now began to fall heavily, did not allow us to stop and admire a pretty, but I suppose occasional, waterfall, not far from the village, the stream of which fell above thirty yards like a silver thread.

We went from hovel to hovel, seeking admission for the night, but in vain. I had a bad head-ache, and from that cause, as well as fatigue, could scarcely keep my seat, so that I was little inclined to put a favourable construction, if any could be found, on the inhospitality of Tragoge. I began to be a little less enthusiastic about Arcadia, and I muttered—

—— the rude *Arcadian* boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.

But our guides at length persuaded one person to take us in, and, by that easy vicissitude of feeling to which travellers, as well as soldiers, are accustomed, we soon experienced something like comfort, ensconced on one side of a large fire-hearth, the other being occupied by the family, consisting of grandmother, husband and wife, wife's brothers and sisters, and the children of the house, in all about fifteen. The *grandmother* enacted the part of *wet-nurse** to all the younger branches, when they were uproarious, from the age of five years downwards. I do not pretend to be able to

* There is a passage in Plutarch's Life which seems to show, that amongst the ancient Greeks children were suckled to later periods than amongst us. Speaking of a daughter of his, called Timoxena, who died young, the author says,—"When she was very young, she would *frequently beg* of her nurse to give the breast *not only to the other children*, but to her babies and dolls, which she considered as her dependents and under her protection." *Plutarch's Life.*

explain this phenomenon, but the fact is certain.

The eldest sister wore her long black hair down the back, interlaced with strings of pieces of silver. In addition to this and a long necklace, she had a silver band round her throat, which she allowed Mr. Newton to take off and examine, in gratitude for some little coins presented to the little squaller in her lap; it was curious and not inelegant. A very handsome zone of plates of embossed silver, overlapping each other, confined her waist. This was the only pretty Greek girl of the lower orders that it was our fortune to meet; they were generally, in our estimation, very plain, and seem to have resigned their share of beauty to the men, who are, I think I may say, the handsomest race I have ever seen:—their beauty is not of the countenance alone, but likewise of the figure, which exhibits proportions such as we admire in the works of their ancient

statuaries, and is endowed with the greatest suppleness and agility. It would really be almost as difficult to find a plain man as a pretty woman. There are many savage countenances, but still, in the ferocious expression may be traced the beauty of the fallen angel. Indeed, we saw reason to believe that the alleged *beau ideal* of Grecian sculpture was, after all, only a nearer approach to beautiful *nature:* amongst the moderns I suspect that *ideality* is often a mere excuse on the part of those who cannot attain the accuracy of *reality*.

CHAPTER XV.

PHIGALEIA.—COLUMNS OF BASSÆ.—ANDRITZENA.—OLYMPIA.—PYRGO.—EMBARKATION.

[19TH, 20TH, 21ST, AND 22ND FEBRUARY.]

AT Tragoge we were placed between two objects of curiosity, which it was our intention to visit the same day, and take up our quarters at Andritzena at night. These were the ruins of Phigaleia and the temple of Apollo Epicurios, at Bassæ. Sending, therefore, the baggage and servants by the direct route to Andritzena, we made the best of our way to Phigaleia, which is about an hour distant from Tragoge. On approaching, the walls look like those of Messene; but on nearer inspection they are seen to be very rude, and built of

smaller stones; nor are there any square towers as at the former place. Here, also, we found traces of the early style of Messenian warfare and defence, for it is evident that the walls were much more than sufficient to surround an Arcadian town, being nearly as extensive as those of Messene, and well able to shelter the neighbouring peasants with their flocks and herds. There is a small postern in the wall, the arch of which is formed by each successive layer of stones projecting beyond that beneath it, so that the upper layers of the two sides meet at the top. This style of building has been advanced by some as a proof of the antiquity of the place, it being urged that it must have been built before a spheric arch was known in Greece: but the argument will hardly hold good, as it is very likely that the use of the key-stone may have been practised in more civilised parts before it

was employed in the rude hamlets of Arcadia. It was evident, from the whole appearance of the defences, that these walls were merely intended to resist plundering parties, and did not require the niceties and elegancies of architecture. I doubt, indeed, whether, even at the present day, skill sufficient for turning an arch could be found among the natives of Arcady.

From Phigaleia we again returned to Tragoge, and ascended to the region of snow, in search of the fane of Apollo the Healer (Ἐπικούριος), commonly called, in Europe, the temple of Phigaleia, but here known by the name of the *Columns* of Bassæ. The snow-drifts were in some places very deep, and in general up to the horses' girths. The guide preceded with a long pole, sounding, and every now and then disappeared by a false step. We at last reached the eminence on which it stands, one of the highest points in the

Morea. The remains are very perfect three pillars alone of the outer range wanting: the foundations of the *antæ* or pilasters of the interior still exist, as does the pavement. The temple is, perhaps, judging from other examples, rather too long for its width, there being two pillars on each side more than in the Theseion, which is almost perfection in its proportions. The material is a kind of limestone, hard, and almost marble. The situation is striking: on a lofty point, in a kind of forest glade surrounded with fine oaks, and commanding views of the bays of Modon and Arcadia, and Mount Ithome.

The frieze of this temple (which was discovered by some English and German travellers in 1812) is now in the British Museum, and, considering its age and the extremes of temperature to which it must have been exposed, we can only admire its state of preservation. Mr. Newton's drawing of this snow-clad scene will explain it

better than any description of mine, and, presenting, as it does, the combination of the magnificent object of art—the forest scenery—the alpine elevation, and the distant panorama, it is one of the most striking any of us had ever seen.

In four hours from our second departure from Tragoge we arrived at Andritzena: it was just above this town that we caught a glimpse of the sea, with the island of Zante, and that our guides favoured us with the distich already cited,—"*Zante, Zante, Fior de Levante.*"

This is the largest town we have seen since leaving Napoli, and we were lodged in comparatively a princely style, having one room to ourselves, of which we took advantage in cleansing our persons and changing our dresses. Several of the young Palikari visited us, and entered into conversation, talking Italian. One did not at all approve of the present mode of government, and seemed to regret that

they could no longer sally forth, and levy contributions on the road. He said that formerly one man had more silver in the handle of his sword than could now be found in the purses of twenty. Another of these youths was very anxious and pressing that we should take him with us to England; but the prospect of such a responsibility was not agreeable, more particularly as he might have shared some of his companions' peculiar doctrines about the rights of property. I have no doubt but that they were worthy followers of their chieftain Colocotroni, whose chief stronghold is at Karitena, about ten miles distant, for they seemed well acquainted with that hero (I suppose he must be so called), and on seeing the sketch of him, taken by Mr. Newton in the ball-room at Athens (see p. 188), they repeated his name without hesitation.

We learned from our visitors that it would not be possible, from the flooded

state of the river, to cross the Alpheus at Palaio Phanaro, as we had intended, with a view of visiting the ruins of Olympia, which lie on the right bank of the river, and almost directly in the straight road to Pyrgo; and we were told that we must go down to Agolonitza, near the mouth of the river, where a ferry-boat plied between the two banks. This was much out of the way, and, at first sight, very vexatious, as we had an ardent desire to tread "*pulverem Olympicum;*"—but there was no remedy; nor did we finally think it any great hardship, when we learned that, after all, it would not be impossible, following our usual plan of sending forward the baggage, to visit the vale of Olympia, in the day between Agolonitza and Pyrgo, it being but a few miles up the right bank of the stream.

We had another dreadful morning for travelling, but the fear of being too late at Zante for the English packet forced us

forward; and though we set out in torrents of rain, the day soon changed, and we were rewarded for our perseverance.

We met the postman (ταχυδρομεὶος) this day, carrying the letters for the interior. He was on foot, and travelling at a sort of trot, keeping up a good five or six miles an hour.

Half-way from Andritzena we observed walls similar to those of Phigaleia, and, no doubt, similarly designed; they were near a mountain-pass, but too distant for us to visit them. Not far from this pass, which was not more than five yards wide, and cut through the rock, we came upon a desperate-looking fellow, whose appearance made us dread the proximity of more of his class: he was surveying the valley below, and as we wound down in single file, along the narrow path, he gave what we supposed to be a signal to some accomplices beneath. We were in a situation in which retreat would have been impos-

sible, while our friend above was guarding the path with his long gun. The danger was, perhaps, imaginary: however, half an hour after we met a party of police in pursuit of an offender, who was in all probability the gentleman we had seen.

The country we passed through this day reminded us of some districts of the hilly counties of England; but it every now and then became wilder. In several places the sandstone hillocks took the appearances of castles and buildings; nor was the illusion destroyed until we got close to them.

Leaving a village on our right, we turned into a wood, an hour's ride through which brought us to the sea-shore. We had no conception that we were so near to it, and had been puzzling our brains to find out what the roar of the breakers could be, which we had heard at the distance of three or four miles. On the shore itself the noise was deafening, the waves—(πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης)—rolling and breaking magnifi-

cently upon a reef of rocks that run across the bay, about half a mile from the land.

Two hours along the sands brought us to the village of Agolonitza, which presented many evidences of prosperity and trade; and having secured a room over a shop or store-house, a milder climate and a good fire enabled us to pass a comfortable night. This village is about a mile from the Alpheus, which we crossed the next morning by a ferry-boat, and then turning to the right, after about two hours reached Olympia; but, alas! of this scene of sacred triumphs, our first glance could hardly discover a vestige. The site of Olympia is on a flat low plain, about half a mile from the river, and the ruins are below the surface of the ground. It is possible that occasional floods may have contributed to the overthrow of the edifices, and there seems little reason to doubt, that the story of Hercules turning the river through the stables of Augæus was founded on its liability to

sudden inundation. The ruins have been but partially excavated; indeed, only for the profane purpose of obtaining stone, as in England we open a quarry.

We were not able to trace the Stadium, and could do little more than guess at the temple of Jupiter, in which once stood the celebrated statue, fifty cubits high, one of the seven wonders of the world, and a wonder indeed it was, if it was anything like that height, and formed, as Pausanias says, of ivory and gold. As to the *height* of the statue, he evades giving any opinion —"I know," says the cautious topographer, "that some have given the admeasurements of the statue, but I cannot much applaud their measures, because their dimensions are easily refuted by the eyes of any one who sees the statue." El. c. 11. He seems to mean that the measures were too small, but he does not say what they were. We observed, however, one slight fact, which shows the accuracy of Pau-

sanias. on subjects where superstition or political prudence did not intervene. He says the temple was built with a stone of the country, but the roof was covered with tiles of Pentelic marble. Now we found the fragments of the columns to be composed, not of marble, but of a shelly, crumbling sandstone, while fragments of black and white marble of different shapes, which originally formed the pavement, or, perhaps, the marble tiles of the roof, were also strewed about, as well as large quantities of small pebbles of various colours, which appear to have composed the Mosaic work of the floor. Some Roman brick-work is also standing near, to which we were attracted by the scent of violets, with which it was overgrown.

Such was our short and—as far as material objects were concerned—unsatisfactory visit to Olympia;—the state of the weather, and the near expiration of our

allotted time, forbad us a more prolonged examination; but it is to be hoped, as this interesting spot, so rich (it may be presumed) in buried antiquities, is little more than one day's distance from the British garrison of Zante, that some English travellers, with more leisure, learning, and means, may be induced to explore the whole region, which, besides Olympia, includes Pisa and Elis, and numberless other places, of which notices are scattered through the ancients. Little as we saw, we were still proud of our exploit in having seen it at all; and having thus reached the goal and termination of our Grecian expedition, we crowned ourselves with the wild olive as victors on the Olympic plain.

I must here observe that D'Anville, a geographer of great authority, in his *Greciæ Antiquæ Specimen Geographicum*, places Olympia on the left or south bank of the river, and Pisa on the opposite side;

now, in fact, Olympia is situated on the right bank, and Pisa was, probably, at no great distance from it—on the same side.

We now prepared to make our last journey in Greece to the neighbouring port of Pyrgo, at which we were to embark; but before we departed, a Greek gentleman came up, who pressed us to go to his house and take some refreshment; we were reluctantly obliged to refuse, but we ventured some questions to discover why he went so much out of his way to show hospitality to strangers, no instance of which had hitherto offered itself to us;—it was because we were *English.* He had been one of the party, I know not in what capacity, sent to Munich to attend upon the king, when he came to assume the crown of Greece, and he was anxious to express to us his thanks for the attention and kindness he had experienced on board the English frigate, on his voyage from Ancona, or wherever they had re-embarked on their re-

turn. We should gladly have availed ourselves of this gentleman's hospitality, if we had had time, not merely for the purpose of extending our observations on Greece, but because the proposition itself appeared to be made in a spirit, to which we felt it a kind of duty to respond. I do not suppose he could have had any other motive than that which he expressed for his civilities to three nameless travellers.

Taking leave of him with all due acknowledgments, we cantered back through the valley of the Alpheus, and in two hours—having stopped for a few minutes to watch the sports of a party of peasants, who were dancing to the music of what nearly resembled a Scotch bagpipe—we reached Pyrgo.

This little town exhibited more appearance of activity and industry, though in a small way, than any we had hitherto visited in his Hellenic Majesty's dominions. The different sheds or stalls, ranged along

one side of the main street, of the vendors of sardines, caviare, and olives, with all other lawful eatables of Lent, were thronged and busy, while the rival tradesmen were shouting out lustily, each in praise of his own goods; and as the windows of our apartment overlooked the scene, we were not a little amused at the different manœuvres of the tradesmen and their customers. Nor was trade brisk in this spot only, for the road which we afterwards traversed, between the town and the port, was crowded with long trains of dromedaries, horses, and mules, laden with pig-skins filled with wine, for exportation to the *other* provinces, for as I have before hinted, in Greece alone would Grecian wine be drunk.

This was an evening of great festivity and gaiety, being the last of the carnival—in our phrase, Shrove Tuesday—the day before the more severe observance of Lent. From our window in the evening we had

a view of a procession of masques on horseback, by torchlight, representing the arrival of King Otho in Greece; his majesty being represented by a boy, ornamented with a tinfoil crown. If these amusements had ended here, we should have been very well satisfied; but, alas! the revellers of Pyrgo kept up their noisy games till daylight. This was particularly unpleasant to wearied travellers, more especially as our room was immediately over the *café*, from which every sound rose to our ears as distinctly as if we were in the same room. The destruction of the bottles and drinking cups seemed part of the fun, for the smashing of crockery and glass was constant. Under other circumstances than those of extreme fatigué, sleep would have been impossible; but as it was, we slept, or rather dosed, through the infernal din raging beneath, and consoled ourselves next day by the scurvy pun, of having passed a night in *Purgatory*.

Next morning, according to our wishes, the master of a Greek boat was introduced to us; unfortunately, his was the only boat in the harbour, and as he knew that we must be at Zante by a certain day, he modestly demanded twenty-five dollars for our conveyance thither, which we refused to give, knowing that eight would be an ample payment for such a service. But we were in his power, and the discussion ended by our agreeing to give twenty dollars.

Here we parted with great regret from Mr. Johnstone, whose experience, variety of information, and amiable manners, were of the greatest advantage and pleasure to his less practised companions. He continued (as I shall have occasion to mention more particularly in the next chapter) his journey to Patras, and thence to Athens again. Here also we dismissed the guides and horses we had brought from Napoli, hiring others to convey us to Katacolo, the

sea-port at which we were to embark, about five miles distant.

Our guides had conducted themselves very well, and done every thing in their power for our accommodation during the journey, excepting our difference on the second day, about the *buona locanda*, and the horses had carried us and our baggage without difficulty or accident; so that I am bound to recommend the plan of hiring horses for the whole journey, which not only prevents delay and difficulty, otherwise unavoidable, in procuring them at the smaller villages, but makes you better acquainted with your guides, and renders them more ready to serve you, by their being dependent upon their good behaviour for the larger buona mano at the close of the journey, as well as for the trifling largess bestowed now and then after a long or difficult day's march. This plan has, however, one disadvantage—no incon-

siderable one in a country so little known as the interior of Greece. The guides thus hired, are not so well acquainted with the names and other details of the country, as local guides would be. This inconvenience, as my readers must have perceived, we had frequently felt.

At Katacolo, the sea-port I have mentioned, which consists of a custom-house and three or four habitations, we were annoyed at having to unpack our portmanteaus, and submit their contents to the inspection of custom-house officers, though they could not, on our inquiry, tell us what possible article it was illegal for us to convey from the country. Curiosity on the part of the officials was, in all probability, the cause of this proceeding, which, though a trifle, was nevertheless vexatious, as it seemed to be without meaning or object.

While waiting for our padrone, and strolling about, a beautiful cream-coloured greyhound, with the long ears and fea-

thered legs of the spaniel, caught my eye and fancy. I tried to buy it, but the owner would not part with it for any money; it was completely clothed with a piece of cloth, fitted and fastened to its body, which is the practice pretty generally with dogs of this delicate breed in the other parts of Greece which we had visited: this seems some proof, that even ordinary winters in Greece are colder than is generally supposed.

It was past mid-day before we were off; and the wind foul, with a chopping sea; but stretching ourselves on the gravel in the hold of our bark, as was our wont, we fell asleep; nor did we awake until six o'clock the following morning—a pretty sound nap. Perhaps nothing will afford my readers a better estimate of the want of rest, under which we had previously suffered, than these sixteen hours of unbroken sleep, in the hold of a fishing boat, in a very rough sea.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. JOHNSTONE'S TOUR.—ATHENS.—THEBES.—MARATHON.

[22ND FEBRUARY TO 7TH OF MARCH.]

I HAVE already mentioned, that with a better arrangement of our proceedings we might have visited Thebes and Marathon, and completed the circuit of the Morea. As this little work is chiefly intended as a guide—however imperfect it may be—to other travellers, I am happy to be able to make up for the deficiency in my own tour by the narrative of our friend Mr. Johnstone, who, after parting from us at Pyrgo, continued his journey round the Morea to Patras, and, returning to Athens, subsequently visited Thebes and Marathon. He

has been so good as to furnish me with the following memorandum of his tour, and I am sure my readers will regret that he has not had a greater share in these pages.

"I left Pyrgo nearly an hour and a half after your departure; rather too late in the day, as you will soon perceive. After emerging from the town, I got one or two glimpses of your party crossing the plain towards the sea on my left; my own direction traversed the fine pastoral plain of Eleia in a northerly direction, inclining slightly to the east. Our first proposed halting-place was Dervishe Tchelebi, a small village near the banks of the Peneus, which classic stream we had some difficulty in crossing, and were indeed forced to make a considerable *détour* to find a practicable ford. It was scarce past three o'clock when we reached that village; and, as I understood that another village occurred at a distance of two hours further,

I refused to halt, and ordered the advance. Throughout the afternoon the line of the Eleian hills bounded us on the right at the distance of about four miles, and on one crest I examined the remains of a *palaio castro*, occupying nearly the site of ancient Elis. In advance, on our left, the fortress of Clarenza * picturesquely crowned a height, and the 'beautiful' island of Zante closed the view. On reaching our second village, which consisted of a few detached shepherds' cottages, we found that neither food nor shelter was to be obtained for our horses; we were therefore obliged to proceed with the hope of finding less scanty accommodations at Ali Tchelebi, a village three hours in advance. We now left the plain of Elis, and turning our backs upon Zante, and the sun setting in the Adriatic, we advanced nearly due east across the

* The titles of our Dukes of Clarence: that borne by his present Majesty before he became king is said to be derived from this castle.

slope of a line of hills: darkness soon came on, and hid from us our road. We expended our three hours, and two more to boot, and the welcome sound of a village never greeted us: we at last found ourselves on the banks of a brook much swollen, not known to our *surogees* *, and all trace of a road vanished. The *surogees* made the usual lively demonstrations of vexation and dismay, so marked among their countrymen. After some delay in trying back, trying forward, and trying on either side, the steadiest of the horses was pushed into the brook to try the ford; he soon plunged, lost his footing, began to swim, and was recalled; after a pause of perplexity, one of the *surogees* was next turned into the water; he, after a good deal of floundering, made out a ford, and we crossed over, but far from dry-shod. On the further bank we were saluted by the welcome baying of a sheep-dog. I

* Mr. Johnstone uses the *Levant* term for a guide.

got my men, not without difficulty, to trace up to him, when we obtained his master as a guide, and having passed through a plain of fine herbage, dotted like an English park with large scattered oak, we were safely conducted, at eleven, P. M., to the door of the most miserable of all the miserable *cafinets* to which ill-luck had as yet led me. The room was already crowded, and with a most beggarly assemblage; the fire, which occupied the centre of the room, was completely surrounded; but the good-nature of the company immediately made room for myself and servant. A repast of black bread, eggs, and the never-failing tea, with a complimentary string of very dirty dwarfish figs, from the *cafetière*, had an excellent relish after such a march; and then rolling myself round in my cloak, I soon fell asleep, in fearless fellowship with the motley company. The next day, an easy march, through an enchanting country, brought me to Patras. The earlier part

of this route was through a pastured forest of oak, which reminded me of the New Forest, in Hampshire, with the fine addition of the noble mountains in the distance behind Patras, and the snowy summits of Parnassus and Helicon far away to the north and east: the latter part of the march ran along the beach of Lepanto, and afforded views of the mountain island of Cephalonia, and the low coast of Missolonghi, now become classic by the residence and death of Byron.

"The steam-boat had sailed from Patras, and I learned by a note, which Mr. Angerstein had had the goodness to write to me from Malta, that my travelling gear had been sent on to Smyrna; I therefore remained but one day at Patras, and then took a mystico up the gulf: the winds were light, so that I consumed about forty-three hours in reaching Lutrarchi, which is, as you know, the landing-port and police-station of Corinth. Thence I proceeded,

as formerly, across the Corinthian isthmus, my luggage on ponies, myself walking, to the pretty little port of Kalamachi. There I was immediately acknowledged by all the inmates of the *cafinet*—our former abode—and particularly by the commander of the caique, which had carried us, on our former trip, across to the Piræus. He offered his services for the same remuneration, and I closed with his offer. Again I supped in the same elevated tribune, which we had filled with so much mirth when here before, and again I embarked on the Saronic gulf an hour before midnight. The sea was calm and the wind asleep: we rowed all night, and made little progress:—the next day we had unsteady and varying winds: we took the outside of Salamis, instead of threading, a second time, between the island and the main, over the scene of Themistocles' victory, and we entered the port of Piræus after gun-fire, too late to be permitted to land.

I found, however, a welcome, and excellent quarters on board the Medea, as the guest of our hospitable friend, Captain Austen. A proof of the extreme nonchalance of the Greek soldiery occurred to me on the Gulf of Lepanto, which, without the excitement of any romance, nearly had tragic consequences. As I sailed up the gulf, large bodies of troops were marching irregularly down its shores, hurrying to quell disturbances at Missolonghi, where sundry *Capitans* had risen against the government and assaulted the town. These troops were proceeding with merry hearts towards their work; some were straining their voices in solos, others were chanting in chorus, and others again were testifying their good spirits by discharging their firelocks; these last despised the use of blank cartridge, but fired towards the sea. I had rowed near the shore to enjoy the warlike sight, when a bullet whistled over my head, so near, that the air ruffled my cap, whilst a

second crossed over my boatman's oar. We looked at one another; speaking was unnecessary, and we speedily retrograded from the beach. I remember to have heard that some Greek troops received Lord Byron with a salute of loaded muskets, but I believe these fellows really meant to try their skill as *marksmen* upon me. I enjoyed greatly two days of rest on board the Medea, in itself, perhaps, a sight as curious as any to be seen in Greece; one of the noblest steam-boats in the world, and, at that time, fitted up with great taste as the yacht of the King of Bavaria.

"The Smyrna steam-boat, '*the Levant*,' not having yet arrived in the Piræus, I determined upon a run into Bœotia. The kind Signor Vitali made arrangements for me, and about mid-day of the 1st of March I left Athens with four horses—my own, Gilbert's *, one luggage-horse, and one for our guide. We crossed the plain of Athens

* Mr. Johnstone's Egyptian servant.

to the west, threaded a very narrow gorge between the hills of Corydal, which serves as the gate of Attica, and must have been formerly fortified*; and we debouched into the yet rich, though only partially cultivated plain of Eleusis. Eleusis is now a miserable village, and any trace that may yet exist of its ancient temple is mere foundation, and that irregular and faint;—at the south-western extremity of the plain are considerable remains of a large aqueduct, which led down to Megara. I can well understand the extent of the annoyance felt by the Athenians when, during the Peloponnesian war, the Spartan horse possessed themselves of this plain, both on account of the loss of the supplies it furnished, and on account of its uncomfortable vicinity, Eleusis itself being scarce a two hours' ride from Athens. Leaving

* Midway in this gorge are the picturesque ruins of a large Greek convent—one of the thousand monuments of the late destructive strife between Greek and Turk.

the plain, we entered a pass amongst the mountains, beautifully clothed with dark pine, and with a variety of tall evergreen shrubs, amongst which the ilex and acorn-bearing holly predominated: the timber in this glen is the finest that I have anywhere seen in Greece; but a large portion of the pines are miserably hacked and injured, for the distasteful purpose of drugging the otherwise palateable wine of Greece with rosin. We traced this glen nearly to its head, and then crossed over to the right into the quiet valley of Eleutheræ.

"In this valley are two ruins, of considerable magnitude, and of the best date of masonry; but of their history, or their purpose, I could learn nothing: one of them had something of the air of a *château*. We halted for the night at a miserable *cafinet* —Kazea—below the remains of the citadel of Eleutheræ. This citadel is admirably placed on the crown of an isolated hill; its exterior defences, walls and towers, remain

almost entire; they are of the best Grecian architecture, and, after Messene, are certainly by much the finest specimen of military masonry that I have visited. It was by mistake that I came to Eleutheræ, for I had purposed following the road by Phyle, a fortress, I am told, well worth seeing, and famous for the exploit of Thrasybulus; but my guide was an incorrect antiquarian, and little knew the distinction or respective merits of the two παλαιὰ καστρί. So well, however, did the citadel of Eleutheræ answer to the descriptions and plans of Phyle, that I did not discover the error till I returned to Athens. The north-western wall, with its square towers, distant about sixty yards from each other, are more particularly entire. Within the area of the walls are several foundations of buildings. A party of irregular soldiers, under a non-commissioned officer, divided the *cafinet* with me: they were a merry-hearted group, and were sufficiently lively during the even-

ing: some of them had collected ancient coins of the Lower Empire, and other little antiques, some of which I purchased: those whose collections were refused suffered a good deal of quizzing from their companions. The following morning I a second time circumambulated the walls of Eleutheræ, and then followed my little caravan amongst the shrub-clad hills, along the path towards Bœotia. My companions of the preceding evening, who were on their march to Thermopylæ to disperse some predatory bands in that neighbourhood, acted as beaters amongst the shrubs, and obtained me some tolerable shooting.

"We crossed a narrow shoulder of Mount Cithæron, and descended immediately upon the capital of the gallant little republic Platæa—which, perhaps beyond all the numerous states of Greece, was the one most distinguished for constancy in its friendships, for the fulfilment of its engagements, and for its unflinching gal-

lantry in war. At Marathon, at Leuctra, and in the celebrated fight under its own walls, its troops established their immortal renown against the Persians; while its constancy to fickle Athens, and defiance of its nearer neighbour Thebes was very noble. The site of Platæa is now untenanted; the walls may yet be traced in all their circuit, and a portion of the north-west wall continues in tolerable preservation. The masonry of this is excellent, and probably is of the date of Alexander the Great, who rebuilt the walls, and re-established the city subsequent to its destruction by the Thebans. Within its area are a few traces of foundations, and several broken columns of inferior dimensions and spurious architecture: there is no remnant of anything grand. On a declivity looking to the westward are several tombs and sarcophagi, but none of much beauty. The position of Platæa is on one of the lowest slopes of Cithæron, as it sinks into the fine plain

of Bœotia; it faces to the west and north-west, looking towards Parnassus, and receiving the reflection from its snows. It commands a good view over the whole of Bœotia, and every manœuvre in the battle of Leuctra must have been clearly seen by its anxious inhabitants*. A drenching storm came on whilst I sat amongst the ruins of Platæa, and admonished me of the necessity of proceeding quickly to my resting-place: we pushed, with all the speed we could command, across the plain to Thebes, where we arrived, so thoroughly wet, that the afternoon of the day was occupied in attempts to dry ourselves and our night coverlids.

"The following morning I made my examination of the city of Epaminondas. Strangely as have vanished from all the cities of ancient Greece, Athens excepted, the monuments and evidences of their

* The modern name for Platæa is Kuklos, or the Place of Blood.

former magnificence and civilization, from no one have they so completely disappeared as from Thebes. Corinth has its heavy Doric temple; Argos its theatre; Sparta the presumed tomb of Leonidas; Messene its splendid walls and towers; Delphi its excavated tombs and the foundations of its temples; but *Thebes has nothing*. A few scattered and disjointed columns of rare marbles testify that a city of wealth had once existed here; but there is no form or feature of an edifice of older date than a large uninteresting Turkish tower of patch-work masonry, reared, where probably once stood the Cadmean citadel, or than a ruined Christian church, which had evidently robbed chaster buildings of their ornaments. I was much disappointed that I could attach so little of antiquity to the modern site of Thebes; for Epaminondas had been with me a favourite hero, and I had interested myself in the fame that he had so rapidly raised for his state.

"I recrossed the Bœotian Plain, rich in soil, and offering golden returns to the agriculturist, but now depopulated and uncultivated. For miles around Thebes no village greets the eye, and Thebes itself would make but a poverty-stricken village in our own wealthy land; it may parallel Corinth in its present state;—it is less extensive than Argos. Unsparingly must Athens, Macedon, with other rivals, have exacted retribution for its short-lived glories. Whilst repeopling in memory this beautiful plain, and remembering its glories, I could not but smile at the extravagant and too easily credited bombast of the Greek authors, who would make great powers of such petty places. The territory of Thebes, once the terror of all Greece, compirised but a very few square miles. Platæa, its neighbour and rival, was not nine miles distant from its gates—two hours' ride. Fancy Warwick and Coventry different republics; completely different

states, with each its own legislators, senators, and warriors. Fancy the great Guy —the Epaminandas of Warwick—going forth with his host in unavailing conflict with the legions of Coventry. Such, reduced to their true topographical dimensions, were the powers and the wars of the Greeks, though the numbers of men which we read of in some of their battles is very considerable; indeed, almost incredible, when we look at the spaces which are said to have produced them.

"I slept again below Eleutheræ, at the *Café* of Kazea, and returned, anxious about the Smyrna steam-boat, to the capital of Attica. The steam-boat had not arrived at the Piræus; I therefore determined upon another short expedition to Marathon. I engaged my horses, and left Athens on the forenoon of the 5th of March. One route, that which I followed, passes through Kephissia, and several other pretty villages, redolent with orange and

myrtle bushes, and crosses the western instep of Mount Pentelicus, which furnished marble for the Parthenon and other costly edifices of Athens. At a distance of ten or twelve miles from Athens, we bade adieu to the villages, and got into the wilds, which are thickly clad with myrtle, arbutus, and other shrubs. Every bare scar of Pentelicus displayed its beautiful white marble. Without much difficulty we turned its western limb, and then descended by a deep and difficult gorge into the victory-hallowed plain. I had been informed that at the convent of Brana I should be hospitably received, and that I should find in one of the monks a well-informed and interesting guide and companion. My reception at the convent was, however, not warm, though one of the best apartments was assigned to me; and as for the intelligent monk, I am sorry to say I found no such person—from the brains of the two there resident, not a drop of information

was to be distilled. Under the moonlight of the later evening I stole across the silent plain, and worked my way to the *Persians' Mound.* I cannot remember having been ever so moved by the power of the spirit of history as I was that night amidst that scene; the identity of the place, and the reality and importance of the event, told with wonderful force upon me. The plain, admirably selected by Miltiades, narrowly encircled by mountains; the heaving sea, on which rose and sank the proud galleys of the Persian, and the simple unlettered monument over the slain invaders, had more visible verity of history than any battle-field I had ever examined, except Thrasymene.

"The Plain of Marathon is a segment of a circle, the sea being the chord, and a bend of hills, including Pentelicus, the arc. There are two suppositions as to the positions of the contending armies. One supposition draws up the Persians along the

line of the coast, on the chord, giving them a considerable length of front, and places the Greeks in a bend of the arc, near the convent of Brana, to defend the pass or gorge by which I descended into the plain, one of the routes to Athens. The other, which has been suggested, and very well argued by Mr. Findlay, now resident at Athens, draws up the Persians diagonally across the plain from the sea to the hills, and places the Miltiades in a flat pass between Pentelicus and the sea, through which there is an open route, practicable by cavalry, and easily travelled over in five hours to Athens. This, I must say, although Colonel Leake dissents from it, appears to me by much the more judicious and more likely arrangement; it closed the more patent and shorter route; it contracted the front of the Persians, and it enabled the Greeks to act in a pass that could not be turned either on the one side or the other. The position is admirable,

whilst all its advantages are easily discovered and appreciated. As for the mound called generally the Persians' Grave, I am convinced that is a misnomer; its dimensions are much too small to have covered the thousands that fell that day. It is more likely the cairn erected over the Hellenic slain, immortalized by their very death; or the tomb of an individual hero; for in its form and size it agrees well with the tombs of warriors which occur in Asia Minor—of Patroclus, Ajax, and the Trojan heroes. It very likely may be the cairn of Callimachus the Polemarch; or of Stesilaus, one of the ten generals, both of whom fell on that day.

"Of the various monuments mentioned by Pausanias as still existing on the plain when he visited it, none are now extant; but the foundations and *débris* of two buildings, of ancient Greece masonry, form piles not far distant from the convent of Brana, at the foot of the gorge.

"From the sea-side pass I rode at a canter the whole way into Athens, in between four and five hours, to convince myself of its eligibility for the Persian cavalry. As I approached Athens, I saw the Smyrna boat entering the Piræus, most opportunely for me. I made my way to my hotel—the Royal, or Casali's—a much preferable house to the *Stad Munich*—the best indeed in Athens—completed my arrangements, and on the evening of the 7th was under weigh for the coast of Asia Minor.

"Such was the continuation of my Grecian tour after I had the misfortune to part with you, and I shall be very glad if my narrative conveys to you any adequate ideas of the districts which you missed seeing.

"I remain always your's,

"very faithfully,

"JAMES JOHNSTONE."

CHAPTER XVII.

ZANTE.—QUARANTINE.—PITCH SPRINGS.—RETURN.

[22ND FEBRUARY TO 2ND MARCH.]

WE had arrived at Zante at, or about, twelve at night, and did our best to persuade the health-officers next morning that it was *before* that hour, in order to avoid an additional day of quarantine. We thought ourselves justified in employing all our oratory on the occasion; because, having been asleep, we could not pledge ourselves to the precise *fact:* and we succeeded; but whether owing to our eloquence, or the officers' leniency, I know not. After their official visit—during which we went through a great deal of dumb-show—such as slapping

our sides and chest, which seems to be the main proof of the non-existence of plague, but which is a most ludicrous exhibition of antics, when, as in our case, there may chance to be thirty or forty going through the same motions, like children at an infant-school—a mitigated sentence, as they would say at Bow-street, of eight days' imprisonment was passed upon us, and we crossed the little bay to the lazaretto, which standing on the opposite side from the town, tantalizes its inmates with a view of the pleasures of society, under a strict prohibition from sharing them.

Here we had the pleasure of again meeting Mr. and Mrs. Hill, the American missionary and his lady, whose kindness during our stay at Athens has been already acknowledged, and who had just arrived from the capital, the lady being on her way to visit her friends in America. There was also a party of travellers—some *overland* from India—all waiting the arrival of

the steamer, expected from Corfu in ten days.

We had therefore what anywhere else would have been an agreeable society, but in this quarantine prison nothing can be agreeable, and the time crawled but heavily along, our chief occupation being to watch the boat which brought over our breakfast and dinner from the town, then devour the contents, and in due succession watch the next arrival. A few newspapers, kindly lent to us, gave an insight into the occurrences of the preceding month in the European world, from which we had been as completely shut out as if we had descended into the pit of Acheron. These, with the help of a few books, and the putting our notes and sketches into order, afforded us some little occupation, and rendered the day less wearisome than I had anticipated.

While here we heard of an insurrection of the Suliotes in Roumelia. It is the

fashion here—I know not how truly—to suppose a Russian intrigue in all such occurrences, and to believe that they foment disturbances in order that their interference may be solicited. The report is that 2000 insurgents have taken one or two towns, cashiered the authorities, and desired them to tell the government at Athens that they are coming thither *to demand their rights*. They are now besieging Missolonghi, which it was at first feared would not hold out; and to its relief were directed those troops whose perilous salute Mr. Johnstone had undergone in the Gulf of Lepanto. The leaders of this movement are said to be nearly connected with some of the king's own personal attendants, who are reported to have not been ignorant of the treasonable intentions of their relatives.

A few days more brought intelligence that a small body of troops from Patras—with, I suppose, the assistance of Mr. Johnstone's friends—had speedily put down this

disturbance, with the loss but of a single life, that of a Bavarian officer of engineers, who being at Patras on his way home, was requested to accompany the troops to Missolonghi. He was shot through the head while pointing a cannon from the ramparts.

I have already hinted my opinion that there are still the remains of the same kind of feud which has existed from the earliest days, between the northern and southern Greeks—between Thessaly and Macedon, now generally called Roumelia — and Hellas proper. If King Otho shall be able to play off his *Hellenic* against his *Roumeliote* subjects, he may be able to keep the whole in order; but I confess we saw many symptoms which led us to doubt the permanence of the present arrangement, without a strong guarantee, and, probably, the direct interference of the great powers.

The day before our quarantine would

have expired, the Ionian government-steamer, brought instructions that the Morea was henceforward to be in *pratique* with the islands, so that we were the very last unfortunate persons subjected to this delay, odious to every traveller, but peculiarly annoying to those whose time, as in our case, is limited. On receiving this intelligence, we were with difficulty restrained from marching out of the lazaretto, where the authorities, it appeared, thought we might as well remain till the morrow, when our original sentence would have expired. Our threats of setting this now absurd, and we believed *illegal* detention at defiance, and of departing without leave, induced the *prior* or captain of the lazaretto to send several messages to procure the order for our instant liberation, which was at last with some difficulty obtained.

There may have been some good reason for this demur on the part of the authorities—but we did not hear so much as a

whisper of any, and we concluded that it arose from a mere indifference to our being liberated a day sooner or a day later: our ultimate release seems to show there was no legal objection; and if this be so, the attempt of our quarantine tyrants was very blameable.

On leaving our quarantine quarters, we walked along the shores of the bay into the town, taking up our quarters at the Italian Hotel.

The town is a goodly one, much superior to Corfu; the streets better and cleaner; the chief street is more than half a mile in length, with a piazza on each side, with long ranges of shops, chiefly of jewellers. There are also many churches, several very richly ornamented with carving and gilding. Rising directly behind the town — indeed some of the houses stand on it—is the hill, which, fortified on the top, forms the citadel. On the land side, the descent of the hill is not only pre-

cipitous but as smooth as the surface of a wall, and is therefore not so strongly fortified as that towards the town—resembling in this the Acropolis of Athens.

From this citadel you have a view of the greater part of the island, which is a highly-cultivated plain, interspersed with villages, and bounded by lofty hills—the black mountain of Cephalonia standing in gloomy grandeur behind. But I am now enabled to affirm what I before only suspected, that the honour of being *Fior di Levante* does not really belong to it—unless it may be in the way of cultivation—for it is immeasurably inferior to Corfu in both beauty and grandeur.

Here are no dark woods—deep ravines, or craggy mountains—those indispensable ingredients in a picturesque landscape—but a level expanse, exhibiting the tame fertility of corn fields and vineyards, which, to the eye of the cultivator and the *currant* merchant seems, I have no doubt, the

Flower of the Levant. This little fruit, which is nothing but a dwarf vine, derives its name from Corinth, whence it was first exported to the west. It is still grown pretty generally on the north coast of the Morea, but nowhere in such quantities, or I believe excellence, as at Zante, of whose trade the currants constitute the staple commodity. I have however understood that, since the revolution, the currant cultivation is diminishing in the islands, and increasing in its original seats—Corinth and that vicinity—from which it had been in a great measure driven by the bad policy of the Turkish government.

On the seaward side the view is ample, and well repays the ascent to the citadel. The whole coast of Greece, from Missolonghi to Navarino, is distinctly visible, with a blue line of mountain bounding the coast—behind which appear the still more lofty snow-capped tops of those to the north of the Gulf of Lepanto, as well as those

scattered through the heart of the Morea. We could indeed almost trace our route round, by the mountains in the neighbourhood of the chief points and objects of curiosity.

Here again we found an opera—a wooden building indeed, but in all its internal fittings far superior to the more stately stone structure of Corfu. Here also the dresses and scenery were tolerable, and the acting and singing good, or at least pleasing to us. The *buffo* would, I think, have passed off with credit anywhere.

We left the lazaretto on Saturday evening, but were disappointed at finding on Sunday morning that there is no Protestant church or place of worship in Zante, nor even a chaplain for the military and English residents; which seems to them, and I confessed it seemed so to us also—a hardship. In Cephalonia there is a military chaplain, and all in Zante who wish to have baptisms or any other rites of

the church performed, are obliged to cross over to that island.

We, however, attended divine service at the house of the Resident, Major Longley, which Mr. Hill performed according to the English Church ritual to a respectable congregation.

During the remainder of Sunday we strolled about the town, and reserved for Monday and Tuesday (the packet being expected in the course of Wednesday) our visits to the different objects of curiosity which the island affords: the two chief of these are the Pitch Springs and the Tallow Wells, for each of which we appropriated a day.

On Monday morning (the 29th of February), therefore, we mounted some excellent hacks, and cantered over roads as good, for the first five miles, as could anywhere be seen; but, for the remaining five, as bad as any we had found in the Morea itself, being all but impassable, from the

depth of mud, through which the horses were scarcely able to wade. At last we arrived at the springs, which are on the southern shore of the island, and distant three hours from the town. They are two —the principal, surrounded by a low wall, and between five and six feet in diameter; —here the pitch is seen bubbling up under the clear water, which is about a foot deep over the pitch itself, with which it comes out of the earth: the pitch-bubbles rise with the appearance of an india-rubber bottle, until the air within bursts, and the pitch falls back and runs off. Some men in the neighbourhood told me that it produced about three barrels a day, and could be used when mixed with pine-pitch, though in a pure state it is comparatively useless. The other spring is in an adjoining vine-yard; but the pitch does not bubble up, and is, in fact, only discernible by the ground having a burnt appearance, and the

feet adhering to the surface as one walks over it.

Our excursion to these springs amused us so much that we were, the next day, the more disappointed on finding we could not see the rival curiosity—the tallow-well, which the weather prevented our visiting for the following reason. The place is only accessible in a boat, and as there are no boats on the spot, it is necessary to send one round from the harbour. We had given the necessary directions for this purpose, and had ordered horses, to ride to the point where the boat was to meet us; but the boatmen came in early in the morning to say, with rueful countenances, that they had started for the purpose, but that the wind had proved too much for them, and they had been obliged to put back with *a broken oar*. This accident did not seem to us so very awful; but it defeated our project. The well was described to us as

being in a cave on the sea-shore, from the sides of which drips an unctuous oily matter, which, running into the water, floats on the surface, and gives it the name of the tallow-well; but we could not learn that it had any of the essential qualities of tallow, or could be collected or applied to any useful purpose.

We had noticed on the Sunday morning that every person had a bouquet of violets, some with other flowers intermixed; but the most delicious violets formed the chief part of all, while numbers of people were selling these bouquets, and carrying on a thriving trade. Their cry was, "Δυο λεπτα τα ια,"—"*Two farthings the violets.*" —Our servant brought in one of the gayer bunches for each of us, and on our asking him why they were so much in request, he said that it was usual for *Zante people* to buy them at this season, and give them to their "*lovers,*" meaning those they love. We were, then, in a very *loving* country,

for we did not see a single person who did not display a bunch of violets. Perhaps others, like ourselves, had *purchased* the honour. This, we suppose, was connected with the Greek observance of St. Valentine's day, which occurred about this time.

Being foiled (as I have said) in our attempt to see the tallow sight, we roamed over the town, ate ices, and bought, for presents at home—some Zantiote trinkets and scarfs, which are worked of silk and cotton, and chiefly in request for the turbans of the dames of the Morocco coast.

We also visited the school, where some forty or fifty girls were working Greek samplers, and saying the Greek A B C, which would be called by them A V C: they appeared intelligent, and there were some pretty faces, but with more of the Italian feature than the Greek.

On Wednesday (2nd of March) the packet was expected, and on Wednesday evening she accordingly arrived. The cer-

tainty with which the movements of the steam-packets may be depended on is an immense advantage to travellers, and should form a main ingredient in any scheme for a tour in these parts.

If I had been entirely my own master, I should, undoubtedly, have returned by Italy, and France or Germany, instead of repeating the voyage we had before made; but not only was the steam conveyance the most certain in point of time (in which I was limited), but my medical advisers had laid so much stress on the importance of the *sea-voyage* to my health, that, after the unexpected cold and fatigue of our journey through the Morea, I felt that I ought not to omit a second dose of the maritime specific, which had already produced such good effects; and Mr. Newton (to whom the consideration of health did not apply so forcibly as to me, and that of time not at all) was still so kind as not to abandon his fellow-traveller. We therefore lost no time

in re-embarking on board his Majesty's steam-vessel *Confiance*, for our homeward passage.

The party previously assembled at Zante was increased by two gentlemen, who had crossed from the mainland since our escape from quarantine; but they had endured a much more disagreeable delay. They had left Patras a few hours after Mr. and Mrs. Hill, but the wind changing, they had been driven by a gale into Missolonghi, after having been nearly lost; but were not allowed to land there, on account of the rebellion which I have just mentioned, and they had been all this time with nothing in their boat, by way of provision, but a little black bread, unboiled peas, and dirty water —such had been their hard fate and fare for six stormy days.

Being now on board, and retracing our former course, I have little to add. Forty hours conveyed us to Malta, where we were again placed in quarantine for the

four days of our stay, and would have been for as many more before we should have been permitted to land.

We started, however, from thence on Tuesday the 8th of March, in his Majesty's steam-vessel *Tartarus*—to which we, with the mails, had been turned over—and arrived at Gibraltar on the 15th, where we again remained sixty hours. Leaving that place on the evening of the 17th, and stopping next day to exchange mails at Cadiz, we reached Falmouth harbour on the 24th, in perfect health and spirits, after an excursion, by sea and land, of eleven weeks and a few days, which—however it may appear to my reader in my poor narrative—was to us in the highest degree delightful.

THE END.

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